The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, August 17, 1919
Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

A Mid-Summer Romance

by Howard Chandler Christy

No. 1 - He Meets Her

Science's Newest Discoveries About Your Skeleton

Big Toes Getting Bigger All the Time; Ribs and Teeth Becoming Fewer; Bones Torn Down and Built Up Again Like Stone Walls as They Grow; Babies Possessed of More Bones Than Their Parents; and Many Other Curious Facts About the Body's Ingenious Framework

Nothing "Fishy" About This Smile, Yet It Reveals in the Teeth Parts of the Skeleton Which Are Only Modifications of the Placoid Scales Still Found in Sharks and Other Fish.

NOT every human being has what is known as a "skeleton in his closet," but every one does have a skeleton in his body.

Without a skeleton existence, as we know it, would be impossible. This framework is one of the most essential parts of the human mechanism. Not only does it protect other parts of our bodies, furnish a firm surface for muscle attachment and provide the leverage necessary for motion and locomotion, but it also supplies a convenient place for the continuous manufacture of blood cells.

Even the so-called "India rubber men" of the dime museums and circus side shows are not at all the boneless creatures they would have you believe. They have skeletons quite as complete as your own, the only difference being that the framework of their bodies is not so rigid as a normal person's, and can therefore, be bent and twisted more.

An exhaustive investigation of our skeletons has recently been completed by Herbert Eugene Walter, associate professor of biology at Brown University. In a volume entitled "The Human Skeleton" (published by The Macmillan Company, New York), he presents some of the most interesting of the facts he has gathered, and many of them will prove surprising to those who have always regarded the skeleton more or less as the schoolboy did—"a bunch of arm, leg and rib bones hitched together like a man!"

Unfortunately, as Professor Walter points out, the English word skeleton is derived from a Greek word meaning something "dried up." This has led us to think of a skeleton as consisting of dry bones alone, but this is a mistake.

Although bones form the most conspicuous and lasting part of a skeleton they are by no means the whole. It also contains tough connective tissues, ligaments, tendons, sheaths and other supportive structures quite as truly skeletal in character as real bones.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of nature is the way bones grow. A baby's jaw, for example, is not simply added to as it becomes larger. On the contrary, all of the building material composing it is broken down bit by bit and reassembled many times before the adult bone is formed. It is as if a stone wall were enlarged not simply by adding to the outside of it as it stands, but by tearing it down and reassembling it in a new place nearby so as to enclose a larger area.

The reassembling of bone tissue is done by cells called osteoblasts; its destruction, by cells known as osteoclasts. When the latter gain the upper hand the bones shrink in size. This is what happens in old age and it explains why the chin and nose of an aged person tend to hobnob together.

One of our bones' most important functions is the manufacture of red blood cells in their marrow tissue. What a task this is can be seen from the fact that the number of these cells in a human adult is estimated at something like 25,000,000,000. Each cell lives only about ten days and its place must at once be filled by a new cell from the bone marrow.

Perhaps the expression, "I feel it in my bones," is an intuitive recognition of the indispensable part their marrow plays in keeping us alive.

The teeth, hair and nails are what may be called the skeleton's external trimmings. They are survivals of an earlier protective covering such as finds its greatest development in crustaceans like the lobster.

The teeth are simply modified placoid scales such as are still found in sharks and other water vertebrates. The cone-shaped canines or eye-teeth are the most ancestral and least changed of the teeth. They are a survival of the day when all teeth were sharp-pointed, hold-fast organs for aid in the gulping of food whole. The development of the molars and incisors came with the refinement of chewing.

At one time man doubtless had, just as sharks still have, row after row of teeth held in reserve and all ready to come into use whenever occasion arose. Evolutionary processes, however, have gradually reduced this succession of teeth until we now have normally only one replacement—the permanent teeth which supersede the milk teeth.

The fact that the wisdom teeth are very late in appearing and sometimes fail to appear at all is an indication that man is still in the grip of this regressive evolution, and that some day he will have to be content with only one set of teeth, and later may be absolutely toothless.

But the most conspicuous reminders of an invertebrate protective skeleton are the nails on our fingers and toes. We don't pay these much attention except when they need manicuring or pedicuring, but they play—especially those on our fingers—a role of incalculable importance in our daily life. It's hard to imagine how we could get along without the reinforcement and protection given our sensitive finger tips by their flattened nails.

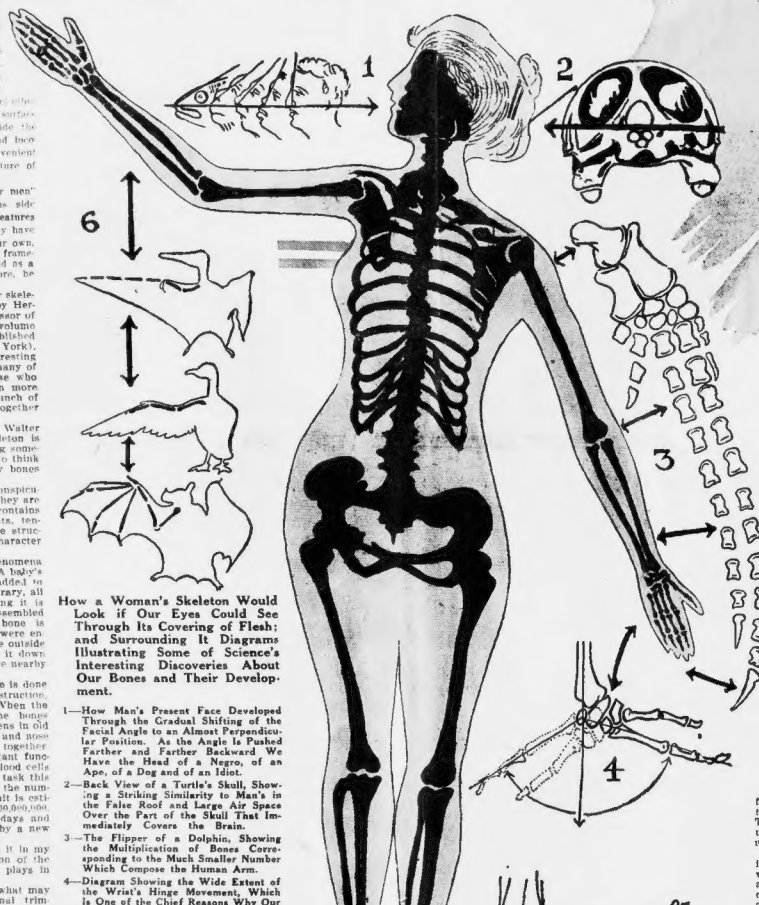
Man's nails are a result of the same evolution that has produced the thick, shoe-like hoofs in large animals, which are on their feet much of the time, and the sharp claws in animals which tear flesh for food.

The backbone is the cornerstone of the skeleton, and upon it all the other parts of the body are built. It is arranged lengthwise of the body along its longest axis, because only in this way can the greatest number of bodily parts be conveniently accommodated with a sustaining anchorage.

The vertebrae making up the backbone decrease in number with age and growth instead of increasing as the teeth do. A baby has thirty-three or thirty-four of these separate bony elements in his back, but by the time he reaches young manhood some of these have fused so that the total number is reduced to twenty-six.

In the ribs—documents of human interest ever since the days of the Garden of Eden—science finds another part of the skeleton which is in the grip of a regressive evolution similar to that affecting the teeth. Only the first seven pairs of ribs join the breast bone, as probably once all twelve or more did. Three of the remaining pairs have degenerated so that they have to be anchored to the breastbone by cartilage, while the two pairs of floating ribs only partially encircle the body. Man probably once had more than twenty-four ribs and there is evidence that a further reduction is in progress.

But the most interesting and the most complex part of a skeleton is the dome-shaped bony structure in which are housed the brain and the most delicate sense organs.



How a Woman's Skeleton Would Look if Our Eyes Could See Through Its Covering of Flesh; and Surrounding It Diagrams Illustrating Some of Science's Interesting Discoveries About Our Bones and Their Development.

1—How Man's Present Face Developed Through the Gradual Shifting of the Facial Angle to an Almost Perpendicular Position. As the Angle Is Pushed Farther and Farther Backward We Have the Head of a Negro, of an Ape, of a Dog and of an Idiot.

2—Back View of a Turtle's Skull, Showing a Striking Similarity to Man's in the False Roof and Large Air Space Over the Part of the Skull That Immediately Covers the Brain.

3—The Flipper of a Dolphin, Showing the Multiplication of Bones Corresponding to the Much Smaller Number Which Compose the Human Arm.

4—Diagram Showing the Wide Extent of the Wrist's Hinge Movement, Which Is One of the Chief Reasons Why Our Hands Are Such Useful Pieces of Mechanism.

5—The Ankle, on the Other Hand, Can Bend Less Than One-third as Far as the Wrist—One of Many Reasons Why the Foot Is Only a Poor Sort of Make-shift Means of Support for the Body.

6—How the Problem of Flight Was Solved by the Pterodactyl, the Bird and the Bat, with the Same Units That Have Become Our Hands.

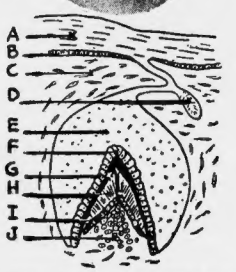


Diagram Illustrating the Development of a Tooth Quite After the Fashion of a Fish's Placoid Scales. A, Epidermis; B, Malpighian Layer of Epidermis; C, Derma; D, Reserve Germ; E, Remains of Intermediate Cells; F, Enamel Germ-Cells from Malpighian Layer of Epidermis; G, Enamel (in Black); H, Dentine; I, Odontoblasts Forming the Dentine; J, Papilla-Cells from Derma.

(From the Electrical Experimenter.)

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company.

Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Nothing appeals more strongly to the human mind than the human skull. It excites the fear of the ignorant; it delights the artist with its continuous complex of graceful curving lines; it fascinates the biologist because he sees in it the "culmination of countless adaptations, the age-long grist of a tireless evolutionary mill."

In construction the skull is a marvel of efficiency and careful regard for the principle of "safety first." Its very shape is nicely calculated to rob chance blows of any harmful results to its precious contents. The highly delicate organs of sight, hearing, taste and smell are placed where they can best receive their stimuli from the outer world, and at the same time have the greatest possible protection from injury. And parts of the skull like the ears and the tip of the nose, which necessarily have to be exposed, are formed not of breakable bone, but of bendable cartilage.

The size of the whole skull is large in order to provide for adequate attachment of the head muscles rather than to accommodate the brain, which is disappointingly small. In fact, science feels positive that the size of the entire skull is no true guide to the size of the brain within. The reason why is that between the small inner skull that fits close around the brain and the vaulted outer skull there is a large vacant, unused space like an unfurnished attic in a house.

Neither is the size of the cavity in which the brain rests an infallible guide to brain efficiency. It is the quality rather than the quantity of the brain that counts.

Skulls are subject to more changing fashions than any other part of the skeleton. No two of them are exactly alike. They vary with age, sex, race and individuality. Even children of the same parents may have different shaped skulls.

The measurement of skulls is a science in itself. One scientist whose investigations were made primarily for the benefit of artists has discovered that it is the angle of the facial line that determines the character of the face.

The more nearly the line tends to the perpendicular, the more nearly the face approaches the classic Greek type. As the line is inclined backward we have, successively, the head of a negro, of an ape, of a dog and of an idiot.

Your chin is an excellent example of the changing fashions in skulls. The changes it has undergone since infancy and will still undergo when you reach old age find a striking parallel in the evolutionary changes shown by a comparison of the chin of a modern man with those of a gorilla and a prehistoric man.

"We do not yet know," says Professor Walter, "what the typical jaw of the superman ages hence may be like, but we can safely guess that the chin will not beat a retreat."

The chief modifications that make man's skull so different from those of the lower animals came when he assumed an erect posture. These brought many advantages that had a great deal to do with man's rapid rise in civilization.

One result of the changed skull due to erect posture was to enable us to look the whole world in the face without any obstructions to prevent our seeing the same object at the same time with both eyes. What a blessing this is can be seen by noticing how difficult vision is for the hippopotamus owing to his projecting face.

Another result was to bring the mastication plane of the teeth into a favorable horizontal position like that of milestones. Thus we are able to enjoy our food without the necessity of "chewing up hill," as the cow has to.

But marvelous as man's skull and its contents are they could have accomplished comparatively little toward bringing the human race to its present state without the aid of the wonderful mechanism of the hand. Lacking the power to grasp and the keen sense of touch with which the hand gives, man would still be a beast. Even the opposable thumbs alone give us a tremendous advantage over the lower animals. If you have not yet appreciated the importance of these appendages try doing a day's work with both thumbs unusually sore.

The difference between hand and foot in man is greater than in any other animal. Lines of activity shared by both hands and feet in apes have become entirely segregated. Only rarely is a person found who can flex his toes enough to pick up an object with them.

Man's hands are about the handiest piece of mechanism imaginable, but his feet, unfortunately, are clumsy makeshifts—poorly adapted in every way for the work they have to do. It would, indeed, be sad for anybody actually to have a "hand like a foot!"

The reason for this defectiveness of our feet is interestingly explained by Professor Walter as follows:

"Human feet have never quite recovered from their surprise at finding the body tipped up on end and in having thrust upon them the entire responsibility of its support. They have done the best they could in the evolutionary time they have had with the inherited materials that were on hand, but it must, nevertheless, be confessed that the result is as yet only a makeshift foot. The various foot troubles of man are an eloquent confirmation of this statement."

Perhaps ages from now man's feet may be more efficient parts of his anatomy than they are to-day. The are undergoing slow but sure changes, just as so many other parts of the skeleton are.

For one thing, the little toes are degenerating and the big ones are growing bigger. This was thought to be due to wearing tight shoes until a study of Egyptian mummies revealed the fact that this same tendency was manifest among ancient people who wore loose-fitting sandals.

But whether or not this development of the big toes at the expense of the little ones will give future generations any relief from painful corns, bunions and fallen arches science cannot yet promise.

Romantic Mystery of the Princess Riabouschinsky

Is This Beautiful Daughter of a Poor Italian Professor, Freed at Last from Her Russian Husband, About to Take Her Place as Queen of the Famous Goelet Millions and Name—Just Like Some Heroine of Fiction?

The Beautiful Elsie Whelen Goelet—Mrs. "Bobby" Goelet No. 1—Who Found "Maintaining the Goelet Pride'" Too Burdensome.

WHEN Mr. Robert Wilson Goelet—multi-millionaire, outstanding figure among kings of finance, once called "the richest bachelor in the world," and former husband of the beautiful Elsie Whelen Goelet, of Philadelphia—sailed on the last voyage of the Aquitania, did he go abroad to add the final chapter to what has become known to the fashionable society in America and Europe as the romantic mystery of the Princess Riabouschinsky?

In other words did Mr. Goelet sail to make, at last this beautiful and sprightly Italo-Russian the lawful successor to the first Mrs. Goelet, who, by the way, is now Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr.?

Mr. Goelet, when asked point blank whether he was going to wed Mme. or the Princess after he reached Paris said:

"Wouldn't it be better to ask the lady about it instead of asking me?" And when it was objected that she was a little too far away to be interviewed at this moment, Mr. Goelet smilingly said: "Well, I can't prevent you from saying anything you please about it."

Fashionable society in New York and Newport are positive that it is Mr. Goelet's intention to confer his name on that wondrously beautiful and most puzzling of ladies, who is now in Paris glorying in the possession of a freshly won divorce.

The romance between the multi-millionaire, who by birth is as powerful in the aristocratic circles of the United States as he is in the circles of high finance throughout the world, has for many months been one of the most interesting and fascinating problems of that same fashionable society.

There are so many apparent obstacles to the marriage that society cannot for the life of it see how it can possibly take place and yet, knowing the indomitable character of Mr. Goelet, society is equally sure that if he really wants to marry the lady nothing can stop him.

The Princess, or Madame Riabouschinsky, is the daughter of Professor Rocchi, of the University of Perugia. There is considerable doubt about the title with which her blond-bearded Russian husband is said to have endowed her. Her first name is Fernanda. Certainly Madame or Princess or "The Riabouschinsky" as Newport calls her, while not belonging to American exclusive circles, has all the fire and beauty of her race. To these, by several years association with her husband's people, she added much of the curious philosophy and mysticism of the real Russian. Those who have come in contact with the fascinating foreigner are enthusiastic as to the charm and magnetism produced by this blending of Italian warmth and Russian cold. "Fire and ice," Mr. Goelet is said to have described her the day he first met her, and this very well expresses the lady.

This curious and novel blending of fire and ice, however, fashionable society, at least, asserts, does not seem to be just the best matrimonial mixture for a Goelet, and especially for the son of the Ogden Goelets. There are few women in New York more difficult to please than Mrs. Goelet in the matter of a daughter-in-law. Indeed, when her only son and heir to the $35,000,000 of the Goelets fell in love with Elsie Whelen, the famous Philadelphia beauty, Mrs. Goelet did her best to break up the match.

Miss Whelen had family and social position far and away ahead in Philadelphia of Mrs. Goelet's own, but she lacked a fortune, and this was a frightful drawback in the eyes of the mother-in-law to be. However, Robert Goelet had his way then, as always, and he married the girl he adored. But his mother never forgave her, not even when she presented her with two handsome grandsons. Later, when young Mrs. Goelet got a divorce and married Mr. Henry Clews, Jr., Mrs. Goelet disliked her more than ever! Human nature is a queer thing.

And the former Mrs. Goelet openly said that the whole reason for the break between herself and "Bobbie" was too much mother-in-law.

"I am tired of the constant thought of the Goelet name and the way to maintain the Goelet pride," the bride is said to have replied when her then husband urged her to stop thinking of the divorce.

Considering Mrs. Goelet's bitterness toward her first perfectly suitable daughter-in-law, her feeling toward her possible second one can be imagined! Madame Riabouschinsky is called the most beautiful woman in Europe. During the past three years she has been the most talked-of woman in New York. Mr. Goelet has frequently described his first meeting with the lady he is expected to make his wife. It was during the second year of the war when Paris was dark and cold and on the verge of going hungry. Goelet was there on some business connected with the French Ambulance Service. James Hazen Hyde was also there. Hyde made it a point to gather several of his friends together every night or so in his big studio, and, of course, Goelet was included among the lucky ones.

One night Hyde took Goelet aside and said something like this: "Bobby, my boy, there's a new beauty coming here to-night; she's just back from the Riviera and she's the most gorgeous beauty in all Europe. I want you to be nice to her."

Just before midnight the lady arrived. Afterward Goelet is quoted as saying he did not know what she had on except that it was yellow and black and green and glittered like a cat's eyes in the dark. And it was also very slithery and made him think of a slender snake in the Bronx Zoo. In plain English, Goelet was bowled over completely. He attached himself to the lady and became so nice to her that before long even war-time Paris was agog with interest.

Paris, you see, knew of the lady's husband. He was a typical Russian of the middle class who was in France on some work connected with the war, and his wife had immediately made a dazzling sensation. She was incorporated in Hyde's pet circle and the world was beginning to forget that she had a real live husband.

When Mr. Goelet returned to America he is reported by Newport gossip as having been madly, deeply, abysmally in love with the lady—but she was apparently cold to his ardor.

The Russian husband had been a bit unpleasant toward the last. Paris did hear that he had even threatened a duel, but this was considered too silly to be believed. At all events, Mr. Goelet returned to his own land and the Riabouschinskys stayed on in Paris.

A few months before the United States went into the war, Princess, that is, Mme. Riabouschinsky, arrived in New York and took up her residence in an exquisite little apartment in the Park avenue sector. Friend husband was not in evidence. She explained his absence by saying that he had gone back to Russia for a few months, but would follow her when he had wound up his Russian affairs.

The air was speedily filled with all sorts of rumors. The two most persistent were that Riabouschinsky himself had turned Bolshevist and his wife had fled to America to escape being made a Bolshevist wife. The second was that she had already secured a divorce, and was but awaiting the proper moment to marry Mr. Goelet. Both of these rumors eventually proved untrue.

The husband turned up and proved to be a mild-mannered although weirdly whiskered chap who seemed as indifferent to his wife's charms as he was to her friendships.

Society was in a terrible quandary. Should it or should it not call upon the lady? That was the question. A few of Mr. Goelet's good friends—he has a great many—took her up and even invited her to small dinners and luncheons. And it must be confessed that even those who did not entertain her made her and her doings a topic of steady conversation. Her clothes were always the sensation of the hour, and her limousine was the most perfectly appointed seen on the Avenue.

Society, even those who entertained Mme. Riabouschinsky, said that Mr. Goelet would never marry her, and how could he, anyway, because of her husband? Then this most mysterious person disappeared from sight, and the last heard of him he was headed for his native country. Gossip reached torrid heat, and again society said Goelet would and would not.

As might be supposed, these were perilous times under Mrs. Ogden Goelet's roof-tree! For months that estimable lady ignored her son's infatuation, but when he began taking his two boys, her grandsons Ogden and Peter, to lunch and drive with Mme. Riabouschinsky, she declared war at once. The only thing that brought temporary peace was Mr. Goelet's being sent overseas in the army. He made frequent trips back, however, for his job was in the transportation section, and whenever he was in New York he made it a point to send Ogden and Peter to spend the day with the lady of his dreams.

Then shortly after the armistice Madame Riabouschinsky went to Paris; again rumor had it that she had gone to Russia to get a Bolshevist divorce, but "they order this matter better in France," and it was in Paris that she secured her divorce. When this news was cabled to New York, gossip that had somewhat died down during her absence started up again, and now society is divided into two camps—those who will receive her if Goelet marries her, and those who will not. Needless to say, the greater number are in the latter camp! Mrs. Goelet, Senior, is a very powerful person—her daughter is the Duchess of Roxburghe, and her sisters are Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Lady Herbert, of London.

Without the backing of his women, no man—not even a Goelet—can do very much socially, so if Mr. Goelet, as is rumored, winds up his journey by marrying the lady it is doubtful if he will bring her to New York or Newport very soon.

Then there are his two sons. It is well known that Mrs. Clews, their mother, has been perfectly willing to leave them with their father so long as he remained unmarried, or possibly if he should marry a woman of his own circle. But Mrs. Clews has sent word that the minute her former husband marries Madame Riabouschinsky the boys are to be sent to her. This contingency adds to society's interest in this strange and unusual romance.

Robert Goelet is independent in every way. His fortune is one of the greatest in this country; he has a splendid town house and a superb country estate near Goshen, N. Y. He can marry where he chooses and lose nothing but social prestige and the friendship of many of his peers. At the moment he is in a mental state where he counts the world well lost for love, and with all that he does possess, why worry about the loss of his friends?

Mr. Goelet was not born yesterday; he knows there are any number of men and women, too, who will be glad to flatter about him, even should he marry so as to displease a lot of staid dowagers.

The "most beautiful woman of Europe" has nothing to lose, but everything to gain by a marriage with Goelet. The wealth of a Croesus will be hers to command. Already orders have been given for a palatial steam yacht, and her jewels are already famous. To count up the things any wife of Robert Goelet would posses would be overwhelming. To "The Riabouschinsky" their possession would mean all the joys and delights of this world.

How far away are the days of her girlhood when she was the simple daughter of a learned but very poor professor of the University of Perugia, Italy! Verily, she has come far since those days!

Mrs. Goelet, Senior, is in Newport at her magnificent marble villa, Ochre Court; her sister, Lady Herbert, is with her, and very tragic are their days. What to them is this modern sentimental journey? A tragedy of tragedies, perhaps. They, too, know that "journeys' end in lovers' meetings" and they are very sincere and very unhappy. It is a foregone conclusion that Madame Riabouschinsky under any name will never tread the stately white stairway leading to Ochre Court, nor wear a single one of Mrs. Goelet's jewels.

© Ira Hill.

The Princess Riabouschinsky in One of the Charming Gowns with Which She Fascinated Fashionable Society of New York and Newport.

© Underwood.

To the Left Nicholas Riabouschinsky, Princess, or Mme. Riabouschinsky's Divorced Husband.

Another Charming Photograph of the Princess Riabouschinsky, Whom, Fashionable Society Believes, Mr. Goelet Has Gone to Join and to Wed in Paris.

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company

Great Britain Rights Reserved.

How Sun Spots Touch Off Our Volcanoes

The Recent Disastrous Eruptions in Java, Japan and Central America, Traced by Science to the Bombardment of Earth by Magnetic Storms From Solar Cyclones

By Dr. W. H. Ballou.

THE remarkable coincidence between periods of intense sunspot activity and volcanic eruptions on earth has long been noted by vulcanologists and astronomers. While for years it has been hinted that some connection must exist between these two phenomena, it is only now that science is able to say definitely that such connection does exist and to hazard explanation of how solar cyclones millions of miles away from us can touch off our own volcanoes.

There is at present on our sun the most gigantic spot ever noted. This disturbance revolves around the northern limb of the sun and is estimated to be from 50,000 to 100,000 miles long. It has just been accompanied by a second and smaller spot.

Simultaneously with the appearance of the first spot there began various disastrous eruptions in volcanic regions through the world, and these are still continuing.

The explanation now put forth is this: These unthinkably huge sun cyclones are in effect unthinkably gigantic dynamos. They cast out into space, sometimes for a million miles, flames of gas and semi-solid matter. But they also release tremendous floods of particles of electricity and cataracts of that peculiar energy we call magnetism. The earth itself has been compared by Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, to an enormous magnet spinning in space. When it becomes supercharged from the sun various strange things happen.

One of the usual things is the aurora borealis. All the beauties of the aurora and all its phenomena can be counterfeited in the laboratory by passing magnetic currents through certain rare gases found in the higher strata of our atmosphere. The aurora is apparently the effect of this tremendous storm of electrified particles striking our earth and passing on its way to both northern and southern magnetic poles the layers of these gases high in our air. Sometimes these storms from the sun are so great as to put the entire telephone and telegraph system of entire countries out of business.

But how do they set off the volcanoes? Volcanoes are vents—chimneys, in fact—leading up from portions of the earth in which is gathered molten incandescent matter. These chimneys sometimes become stopped up and then the volcanoes become what we call inactive. They are like gigantic bottles, firmly corked, but in which a ferment is stirring. Invariably these pockets and masses of incandescent matter have above them great chambers in the rock which are filled with high explosive gases. These gases press continually against the "cork" of the crater.

It is now asserted from experiments recently made upon similar gases through which have passed magnetic currents of varying degrees, that the magnetic waves sent forth by the sunspots penetrate to these chambers and enormously expand these gases. These, expanding, thrust themselves against the core of matter in the shaft of the volcano, forcing it out. The pressure then being relieved, the incandescent matter has nothing to hold it back, and we have our volcanic eruption.

The present sun spot more particularly affected the volcano Kalnut of Java, which, the last official reports state, killed something like over 8,000 people residing around its base. It bit next hardest the volcano Izalco, in San Salvador, Central America, nearly destroying for the second time the city of San Salvador. After that it affected most severely a volcano of Japan, the explosions of which burst a great reservoir, flooding a considerable territory and drowning the inhabitants.

It was also the cause of lesser, but very damaging outbursts elsewhere in the equatorial region, almost entirely around the globe. The question that puzzles vulcanologists is, why the volcanoes of the equatorial region were affected rather than the volcanoes of Alaska and other regions. This question is a big one, since other sun spots have likewise affected different regions at different times, but never all of the world's volcanoes at one time.

It can only be presumed that the position of the sun spot on the sun, which is seldom the same, has everything to do with the position of the volcanoes on the earth which will respond in kind. It may be that the molten mass within the earth is of changeable position, and that, at the time of the outburst of the present sun spot, the earth's molten mass was then located beneath the equator, or at least was most ready for an eruption at that position. This view would imply that our own interior molten mass forms at different times at different places, and that those places respond with eruptions at the point of the greatest intensity of the prepared molten mass.

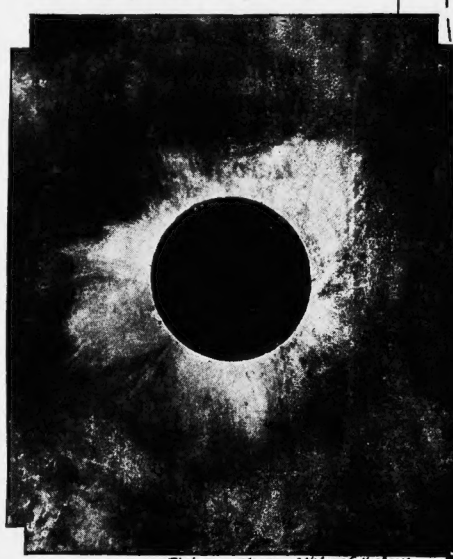


Photo from Museum of Natural History

The Eclipse of June 18, 1918. This Remarkable Photograph Is from the Painting of H. R. Butler, Presented to the American Museum of Natural History. The Weird Streamers of the Corona Shown. Here Are Supposed to Be Largely Electrical Manifestations, Under Whose Influence Earth and All the Planets Constantly Exist.

It is natural to presume, for instance, that had there been any molten mass ready beneath Mt. Katmai, Alaska, it also would have erupted when the present sun volcano erupted. The matter is emphasized by the appearance of the second sun spot which has caused the eruption of Shishaldin Peak in the Aleutian Islands, and Mt. Pavloff in Alaska mainland.

That sun spots and volcano eruptions are simultaneous has been worked out by E. Kluge, Joseph O'Reilly, Charles Zenger, H. I. Jensen and others. Among the coincidences were the great sun spot outbursts of 1883, 1902 and 1912, and the volcanic eruptions of vast destruction of Krakatoa, Mt. Pele and Mt. Katmai, respectively.

Here there was a different effect of the smaller sun spot. Following the appearance of this, the country suffered nine to eleven days rain of very destructive force. Tornadoes beset the country, causing great damage, and there were unusual floods. Obviously, a small sun spot has not only magnetic force enough to affect volcanoes, but is able to stir up the air currents of earth to tornadic force.

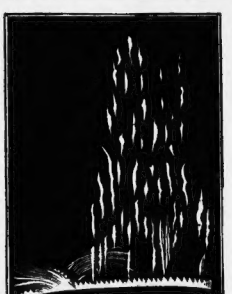
Charles J. Kullmer, a high authority on this subject, has given the following explanation:

"In the belt of the northern United States and southern Canada, where storms on the average are most numerous, the number of storms varies almost directly in harmony with the number of sun spots, just as is the case with tropical hurricanes. In other areas, however, just the reverse seems true, and there is a decrease of storminess. The general conclusion seems to be that, when sun spots are few in number, cyclonic storms move in a great variety of tracks, but when the spots are numerous the storms tend to confine themselves to a few well defined tracks, so that storminess is more or less restricted to certain areas within which is it is highly concentrated."

The latest explanation of sun spots is given by Dr. Harold Jacobi, of the chair of astronomy of Columbia University, in his new work, "Popular Handbook of Astronomy," as follows:

"The size of sun spots is determined by measuring their angular diameters, and then computing their linear dimensions from our knowledge of the sun's distance. Our knowledge of the cause of them is less certain. They are to be regarded probably as solar atmospheric disturbances, or storms. In that case we should expect them to shift their positions on the sun's surface, much as storm centres move across the earth. And we find by observation that all sun spots do have a common drift; that those near the solar equator drift toward it, and that those far from the solar equator drift toward the poles.

"This might be analogous to our phenomena of the trade winds, especially as spots never occur near the solar poles or



A Solar Eruption Observed by the Astronomer Young. Its Rate of Ascent Was 400,000 Miles an Hour and It Created the Famous Magnatic Storm of 1878 on Earth.

exactly at the equator. They may be eruptions from the interior; or they may be gases running downward into the hollows. One cannot help but think of them as vast storms of some kind—storms of which the materials are incandescent gases, moving with great velocities and at enormously high temperatures.

"The duration of a spot is never more than eighteen months. Its umbra, or blackest spot, is not really dark, but appears so through contrast with the much more luminous material surrounding it. Schwabe found that every eleven years there is a period of extra great spot frequency. These periods correspond with our eleven year periods of magnetic storms and disturbances and displays of aurora borealis. The intimate relation of magnetic disturbances by earth and sun has not yet been explained. The sun's linear diameter is 900,000 miles, or 110 times as long as that of the earth. Its mass is about 330,000 times that of the earth's mass. Its gravity is such that a pound weight from the earth would weigh twenty-eight pounds on the sun. Its volume is 1,300,000 times that of the earth's volume. If a cubic foot of the sun's material were brought to earth, it would weigh only about one and one-half times as much as a cubic foot of water.

Beyond the photosphere and the reversing layer of gases is the chromosphere, or color sphere, composed principally of great flaming masses of red hydrogen vapor. Sometimes great red jets burst outward to immense elevations from the solar surface. These are called prominences, which intermingle at their boundaries and melt into each other without sudden interruptions. The corona, seen when the sun is eclipsed (with light streamers declared by Todd to extend 2,000,000 miles into space) we merely know to be an incandescent gas. The form of the streamers indicates that the phenomenon may be electric or magnetic. The solar sun spots seem to cross the solar disc from east to west. One of them makes a complete rotation, disappearing at the western, and later reappearing at the eastern, edge of the sun in a true corrected axial period of twenty-five and one-half days."

The temperature of the sun is given as ranging from 6,000 to 7,000 degrees Centigrade. This gives some index of the power required to thrust its heat ninety-three million miles through space to the earth and prevent our roasting or freezing. Professor H. Helm Clayton, of the Argentine Meteorological Service at Buenos Aires, has issued a paper through the Smithsonian Institution on the variations of solar radiation. Naturally, he finds that the sun's heat hits strongest at our equator. He says:

"The most probable explanation is that tropical areas, and especially tropical land areas, are the parts most heated by the increase of solar radiation. This heating causes an expansion of air over the tropics and an overflow toward the temperate zones, particularly toward the cooler ocean areas in this zone. The final result would be a fall of pressure in the tropics and a rise in the temperate regions, causing an intensification of the normal pressure belts of the earth.

"For example, in the central United States the pressure is low in early Summer, with an excess of southerly winds, while in Winter it is high, with an excess of northerly winds. It is hence conceivable that the same change in solar radiation might have an opposite effect in the two seasons, showing a positive correlation in the one and a negative correlation in the other."

Under this theory, a New York hot wave doesn't come from direct rays of the sun, but is heat gathered in the upper layers of the air over the equator and thence is transferred to northern latitudes. It explains, also, why the heat of the sun is not just as hot and uncomfortable on one day as another.

A Sun Spot Highly Magrified. The Plume-like Sides Are in Reality Enormous Jets of Incandescent and Metallic Vapors Stretching Hundreds of Thousands of Miles Out Into Space and at a Temperature of 17,000 Degrees.

How Magnetic Waves From the Sun Spots "Explode" Our Volcanoes. The Curving Lines Indicated by "A" Show Magnetic Storms Issuing From Sun Spots "XX." These Magnetic Waves Pass Through Space and Through Earth. Reaching Pockets of Gas "B" in Volcanoes They Are Supposed by Science to Set Up an Intense Electrical Action Which Expands the Gas, Which Thereupon Forces Its Way Through the Hard Core "C" That Has Formed in the Crater of the Volcano, Throwing It Into the Air and Opening the Volcanic Vent. When This Is Accomplished the Incandescent Matter "D" Underlying the Gas Pockets Rises and Shoots Out of the Crater, Just As a Charged Liquid Froths Out When the Top of a Bottle Is Removed.

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company.
Great Britain Rights Reserved.

England's Astonishing Crop of After-War Divorces

Pulpit and Bench of Britain Utter Warnings Against the Shocking Conditions Which Have Broken Up Thousands of Homes in All Classes of English Society

The Hon. Mrs. Walter Trefusis, Who Became a Dancer and Gave Her Husband (a Brother of Lord Clinton) Cause for Divorce While He Was a War Prisoner of the Germans.

Photos (c) by E. O. Hoppe

Lady Idina Gordon, a Grand-daughter of the Distinguished Earl Brassey, Whose First Husband, Captain Wallace, Recently Obtained a Divorce from Her.

The Duchess of Westminster, Who Was Dissuaded by the King from Bringing a Divorce Suit Before the War, but Recently Went Boldly Into Court and Exposed All Her Troubles.

The Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, a Niece of Mrs. Asquith, Who Became Infatuated With Her Present Husband, a Grandson of the Great Poet, While Her First Husband Was Fighting at the Front.

LONDON, Aug. 7

ONE of the most painful and shocking results of the war in the opinion of serious-minded Englishmen has been the great increase in the number of divorce cases.

Fully as painful and shocking as the increase in number has been the fact that in the majority of cases the suits have been brought by the husbands against the wives. This appears to indicate the weakening of the former higher relative morality of women.

Together with the great increase in divorce generally, there has been an unusual number of cases involving persons of the highest rank, such as the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, Lady Idina Gordon (formerly Lady Idina Wallace); the Marquis and Marchioness Conyngham, Lord and Lady Kenyon, Lord and Lady Clifton, the Hon. Clarissa Tennant, niece of Mr. Asquith; Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, grandson of the poet, and many others.

The number of divorces sought has increased with the most astonishing leaps and bounds since the second year of the war. In 1909, five years before the outbreak of the war, there were only 787 divorce cases for the year. In 1918 there were 7,000 divorce cases before the English courts and a proportionate number before the Scottish courts. Such an increase had never been known before at any time or in any country.

Out of the 787 cases in 1909 no less than 650 were brought by wives, but in 1918 the husbands brought 1,800 of the 3,000 cases against their wives. But back in 1909 it was significant that where the husband was a soldier or sailor the majority of complaints were brought against the wife. In 1918 practically all husbands were soldiers or sailors. It, therefore, appears certain that absence is an important factor.

The leaders of English public opinion, clergymen, judges and directors of moral agencies, are thoroughly alarmed at the demoralization of society and have been uttering solemn warnings upon the subject.

Sir Charles John Darling, Judge of the King's Bench Division, one of the highest judges of England and noted for his trenchant, pithy utterances from the bench upon matters of social concern, declared:

"In nothing has the war done more harm than in the relaxation of social restraints on the part of women.

"This last has reached a point that can be seen in a walk along the street. Women differ by the width of heaven from what their mothers were."

This was a plain intimation by this distinguished judge that English women had become immodest in public and that their immodesty was related to the more serious moral offences of which they have been convicted.

The Judge's utterances were followed by many comments from other public leaders, many emphasizing the warning, while some indignantly rejected all criticism of women. It was noticeable that those who took the women's side entirely failed to deal with the gravest feature of the subject—the proved increase of infidelity among wives of the upper classes. For instance, Lady Muir-Mackenzie, wife of a judge and a leader of women's rights, made this peculiar comment:

"Why doesn't Mr. Justice Darling confine his remarks to men? I am tired of men laying down the law for women. The open, unrestrained pleasure quest of to-day is far less harmful morally than the hidden, secret quest of yesterday of the Victorians. You cannot judge life by what you see on the surface. In any case, I always look on the views of a judge as warped."

Madame Clara Butt, the singer, took the singular view that what had happened was merely an increased love of the beautiful, for she said:

"I think we are getting away from that awful prudery—false, half half the time—by getting used to seeing beauty for beauty's sake—not for any other motive."

The Rev. Dr. Herbert J. Campbell, one of the most eloquent and revered London divines of to-day, declared in a sermon:

"A lowered moral standard among our wives and mothers would threaten the very existence of our nation and be an infinitely worse calamity than defeat by the enemy in war. Unhappily, I fear that we are threatened with the greater calamity."

Many different factors arising out of the war are said to help in loosening the moral standards of women.

The absence of husbands at the war gives rise to loneliness and sometimes financial distress; the terrible anxiety concerning news from the front creates emotional instability in a delicate person. The woman turns for consolation and company wherever she can find it. In seeking relief from anxiety caused by her husband's dangers she may thoughtlessly become unfaithful to him.

Officers and soldiers wounded or on leave from the front become objects of abnormal attractiveness among the vast mass of women at home. This situation is heightened by the rarity of young men among the home population. Wealthy women, of the more or less idle classes, were especially liable to forget their domestic obligations in the company of young returned officers.

In their thoughtless way these women seemed to think the only patriotic service they could render was to give themselves without restraint to the entertainment of the officer on leave.

The abolition of social restraints due to general war work among women is said to be the most prolific cause of demoralization. Girls and married women of the most aristocratic families and the most respectable middle class families, brought up with the utmost care and constant chaperonage, went into munition factories, where they were thrown into unrestricted contact with all kinds of men, allowed unlimited freedom, and came home alone at all hours of the day and night. Girls of the upper classes, accustomed to supervision, seemed more liable to succumb to new temptations than working girls, who had developed an instinct of self-preservation from infancy.

The women who enlisted in the auxiliary naval and military forces were exposed to similar dangers. A woman engaged in protecting the safety of her country could not, of course, be required to submit to chaperonage or accept any orders but those of her superior officers.

In fact, it has been found that women who have engaged in war work are unwilling to accept any supervision of their private ways of living.

A curious illustration of this has come to light in the case of Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant, a mature woman of great administrative ability and a member of Lord Penrhyn's family. She was in command of the women's Royal Air Force, a very large organization, during two years of the war.

Then the Government dismissed her summarily on the ground of her "unpopularity" with the force.

The conservatives in the House of Lords and the Commons took up her case, as she was admittedly a woman of high position and character. The Government maintained that her continuance in office would have endangered a valuable volunteer service. The girls in it were noted as the prettiest and smartest of all those in war service. Then it developed that Miss Douglas-Pennant's "unpopularity" was entirely due to her efforts to put an end to moral laxity and various private irregularities in the force.

Earl Stanhope, one of Miss Douglas-Pennant's defenders, declared that a colonel in charge of a Royal Air Force depot near London "gave all night leave to girls training as motor car drivers, who were constantly returning from London, very often drunk, in charge of Government motor cars."

"These are grave scandals," said Earl Stanhope, "concerning that colonel and two men officers."

Miss Douglas-Pennant sent the two women officers away to the country and then she was summarily dismissed.

The colonel afterward lived in the same house with one of the women in London and the landlady found them making merry in the same room at 3 o'clock in the morning. Although it was a serious army offense for an officer to show such familiarity with a subordinate, the colonel was never court-martialed.

Lady Beecham, a prominent American woman married to an English millionaire, writes that England is tending to Mormonism and that English marriage ties are looser than those of America.

The enormous number of divorce cases among the titled classes indicates not merely the prevalence of loose morals in those circles, but a relaxation of the old aristocratic rule of concealing family failings from the general public.

This change of standards was especially illustrated by the divorce suit brought by the beautiful Duchess of Westminster against her husband, the richest duke in England. They disagreed years ago, but were prevented from seeking a divorce by the King and family influences, but after the war the Duchess said she would listen to the voice of convention no longer, but would have her freedom.

The desire to avoid public scandal in the Westminster family had been particularly great on account of the prominence of the persons concerned. The Duchess was formerly Miss Cornwallis West, and her mother was one of the greatest ornaments of King Edward VII's set in Marlborough House days. King Edward intervened once to prevent a rupture of the engagement when Miss Cornwallis West discovered the Duke's intimacy with the notorious Mrs. Atherton. Some years ago the present King intervened to prevent a divorce suit between the Duke and Duchess, whose disagreements had become common gossip in society.

The name Westminster once stood for all that was most dignified in English public life. The present Duke's grandfather, the last holder of the title, was a pillar of the church, a philanthropist, greatly esteemed by Queen Victoria, a friend of Mr. Gladstone, and everything that a model nobleman should be.

When the Duchess brought her suit a few weeks ago the public was shocked to learn that the present descendant of a model nobleman spent nearly all his time in the society of musical comedy stars and had little inclination for the royal family and the leading families of the nobility. For some years he left his house every evening before midnight, and did not return till the next morning. During the day he did not speak to his wife. Finally he shut her out of all his houses.

Another instance of recklessness in high society was the case of the Hon. Mrs. Walter Trefusis, whose husband is half-brother of Lord Clinton, bearer of a title created in 1299. Mrs. Trefusis, who is of noble birth herself, became a professional dancer while her husband was a prisoner of war and gave him cause for divorce. Here it may be noted that the old chivalrous rule formerly observed in good society that the husband should allow the wife to sue him seems to have been abandoned.

Perhaps the most startling case was that of the Hon. Clarissa Tennant, daughter of Lord Glenconner and niece of Mrs. Herbert Asquith, the former Premier's wife. She was considered one of the prettiest girls in English society. Her first husband was Lieutenant Adrian Bethell, a relation of a peer and an officer of the Guards. While her husband was absent fighting at the front, married barely two years and having a baby about a year old, Mrs. Bethell became infatuated with Major the Hon. Lionel Tennyson, who was home recovering from wounds.

He is a grandson of the great poet and heir to the present Lord Tennyson. Lieutenant Bethell brought suit and his wife is now married to Tennyson.

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company.

Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Historical Secrets of the Crime-Stained de Medici Family in Court

Cosimo III. de Medici (1648-1723) Grand Duke of Tuscany, a monster of iniquity whose degenerate son became the last ruler of his ancient family.

Duke Francesco de Medici (1541-1587) infamous for his wholesale murders, including that of his first wife and hundreds of the best citizens of Florence.

Old Lorenzo de Medici, called "the Magnificent," who tortured many of his enemies, and committed unpardonable atrocities, but was a generous patron of art.

A chased silver goblet, belonging to the Medici, which may have held the deadly poisons they served to their "friends," the composition of which is now a mystery.

Queen Marie de Medici, daughter of Duke Francesco de Medici, who married King Henry IV. of France and was banished for her intrigues. From the painting by Franz Pourbus.

A FASCINATION clings to the name "de Medici," as to that of no other family in history. It was, therefore, a matter of world-wide human interest when a noted London firm over a year ago announced that 766 authentic letters and documents of the Medici family were to be sold at auction.

Italy then became excited about the matter and the Italian Government obtained an order from the British courts postponing the sale on the ground that the letters had been removed from Italy in violation of the law regarding the sale of objects of national historical interest. At the same time it was stated that the Italian Government would prosecute criminally the Marquises Cosimo and Averardo de Medici, members of a younger branch of the famous family, for secretly smuggling the letters out of Italy.

After more than a year of litigation the Italian Government, reserving a few of the documents as of national importance, has just allowed the sale to proceed in London. It is a curious fact that Gordon Selfridge, the well-known American merchant in London, purchased for $5,000 the account books of the Medici, the greatest merchants and bankers of mediaeval times. The letters were sold for a larger amount.

These letters reveal a few of the colossal crimes of the most magnificent but perhaps the most bloodstained of the Italian mediaeval families. The authenticity of the documents has been substantiated by the long controversy which has centered about them in the British law courts.

For nearly three hundred years the Medici were the central figures in an unrivalled drama of splendor, luxury, crime and intrigue. They were the patrons of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini and Raphael, and also of Machiavelli and a countless host of other men of genius and talent. They patronized assassins as well as artists. They made Florence what many consider the most beautiful city in the world. They were originally "chiefs of the republic," then dukes of Florence, then grand dukes of Tuscany. They gave two queens to France—one of them the terrible Catherine de Medici.

History has accused the Medici of many crimes. Their letters prove it. Compared to the Medici, the Borgias were but dabblers in crime. Poisoning, assassination, many forms of murder were common episodes in the life of this historic family. One of the letters offered for sale is practically a confession that Lorenzino de Medici, one of the most villainous members of the family, assassinated his cousin, Duke Alessandro de Medici, the head of the house.

Six of the letters are written by Lorenzo the Magnificent, the patron of Michael Angelo, and the most illustrious member of the family. They are in his own characteristic handwriting. He was the object of an amazing assassination plot, staged in the Cathedral of Florence, which cost the life of his brother, Giuliano, and many others. Lorenzo's letters reveal his tortuous Machiavellian statecraft.

Some of the most conspicuous tragedies and crimes in the history of the Medici, upon which light is thrown by these letters and documents, are picturesquely summarized in the accompanying excerpts compiled from these letters and the pages of the old Italian chroniclers.

Lorenzino de Medici, The Terrible," Butchers His Cousin, Duke Alessandro de Medici.

RETURNING one evening, weary with their follies, the Duke Alessandro de Medici and his cousin Lorenzino supped together at the Palazzo Medici, and then Lorenzino inquired how they were to spend the night.

"I shall go to bed, replied Alessandro, "for I am worn out."

"Caterina!" whispered Lorenzino.

Alessandro rose abruptly and said, "Lead on, Lorenzo, I will follow."

Snatching a cloak lined with fur and grasping a light sword in his hand, Alessandro left the palace by the garden wicket, followed by his valet and two secret guards, Giomo da Carpi and a Hungarian wrestler nicknamed "Bobo."

Meanwhile Lorenzino had sought the street, and at the corner he found his usual attendant, Michaele del Tovallaccino, a soldier possessed of a splendid physique, combining the soft contour of Apollo and the brute force of Hercules. His comrades called him "Scoronconcolo," on account of his wild, venomous, lustful nature. "He could kiss and bite," they said, "at the same time."

"Michaele," said Lorenzino, "I want you to kill the man who is my greatest enemy."

"My lord," replied the ruffian, "I am at your service. Tell me the name of the fellow who has wronged you and I will kill him right off."

"Stay at your post and I will return for you presently," said Lorenzino, going on to his own house across the way.

In the Piazza San Marco he overtook Alessandro, who dismissed his attendants, and went on alone with his cousin. In Lorenzino's chamber was a good fire, and Alessandro, complaining of the heat, loosened his attire and removed his sword, handing it to Lorenzino, who deftly entangled the sash and belt in the hilt and placed it upon the bed.

"Where is Caterina?" inquired the Duke. "Why is she not here?"

"She is quite ready," was the reply, "and only awaits me to conduct her hither."

"Go at once and delay not!" cried Alessandro.

Locking the door from without and putting the key in his pocket, Lorenzino hastened to Michaele.

This "Caterina" was Caterina Ginori, Lorenzino's mother's sister. She was as accomplished as she was beautiful and very commanding in appearance, the mother of Bartolommeo, the giant manhood model of Giovanni da Bologna for his famous "Youth, Manhood and Age," miscalled "The Rape of the Sabines," in the Loggia de Lanzi.

At the rendezvous Lorenzino slapped Michaele upon the shoulder. "Brother," he said, "the moment has arrived. I have locked my enemy in my room. Come on, now is your opportunity."

Mounting the stairs quietly, Lorenzino opened the door of his apartment softly, and there lay Alessandro fast asleep upon the bed, with his face to the wall. Coward, as Lorenzino was wont to call himself, he no longer feared to slay the "Tyrant of his People," but whipping out his sword, not waiting for Michaele's attack, he thrust it right through the Duke's back!

With a frantic yell Alessandro stumbled upon the floor. "Traitor! assassin!" he screamed. Then, turning his eyes full upon Lorenzino, he faintly added: "This from thee—my brother!"

Alessandro made as though to defend himself, and with the red blood gushing from his back, he threw himself upon his murderer, and they struggled on the floor.

Michaele was powerless to strike—his weapon might have slashed his master. Alessandro, with dying energy, seized the hand of Lorenzino and bit two of his fingers to the bone, so that the miscreant yelled with agony. Then they parted—Lorenzino to bind up his broken bones and Alessandro to staunch his wound.

"At him!" cried the madman, and Michaele struck at him with his sword, cutting off his right cheek and his nose, and then he got his dagger at his throat and turned it round in the gaping wound, until he nearly decapitated his unhappy victim. Again Lorenzino heaved at him with his reeking weapon and fell away and lay, breathing heavily, in a fearsome heap. Then Lorenzino, chuckling with fiendish glee, roared out, "See, Michaele, my brother, the wretch is dead!"

Duke Ferdinando de Medici Poisons His Brother and Sister-in-Law.

THE Grand Duchess Bianca de Medici, though only partially conscious, knew well that her brother-in-law Ferdinando de Medici had poisoned her, and railed at him for his cruelty. In delirium she made passionate appeals for Francesco (her husband was poisoned), and wildly denounced her treacherous brother-in-law. Her cries resounded through the villa, but they stirred no feeling of regret or compunction in Ferdinando's breast. He gloated, fiend-like, over his victim's sufferings. It was not by chance he procured the potent poison he had used. The empiric-medico at Salerno had been well paid to furnish a potion that should by its slow but deadly action prolong the tortures of the sufferers. A less vindictive murderer would have secured his victim's quick release, but during ten terrible days of sickness, delirium and agony he witnessed the inevitable progress of his vengeance.

Bianca's illness followed precisely the course of the Grand Duke's (her husband). The tearful faces of her attendants and the noise of preparations for his burial conveyed to her calmer moments the terrible truth, and she had no longer any wish to live, parted from Francesco. After absolution and last communion, Bianca Cappello, "Daughter of Venice," Grand Duchess of Tuscany, breathed her last in peace—the delirium having abated—on the evening of October 30, just two days after her husband.

A post-mortem examination, or at least the form of one, upon the Grand Duke, revealed, it was said, advanced disease of the liver, the consequences of his unwisdom in the use of cordials and elixirs. With the connivance of the court physicians Ferdinando put out a proclamation that the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess—he was compelled to use the title then in speaking of Bianca—had died from "attacks of malarial fever, induced by the unhealthy atmosphere of Poggio a Caiano."

Grand Duke Cosimo de Medici Slays His Son Garzia for Killing His Brother Giovanni.

YOUNG Garzia de Medici turned to his father pleadingly, and kneeling to him, grasped his legs, imploring pardon for his crime (killing his brother), for neither father nor son doubted but that Giovanni was dead

The Duchess, judging that Cosimo actually intended to slay his son, and knowing how fruitless any effort of hers would be to avert such a terrible calamity, fell upon her knees and prayed aloud to Heaven to save the poor, young boy and spare her own broken heart.

Cosimo once more prayed most earnestly to God to approve the justice of his deed, to pardon him for so executing the Divine wrath, and for peace for the souls of his young son. Then, bending toward the unconscious Garzia, he exclaimed, "I will have no Cain in my family," and, at the same moment, he plunged his weapon into the heart of his boy.

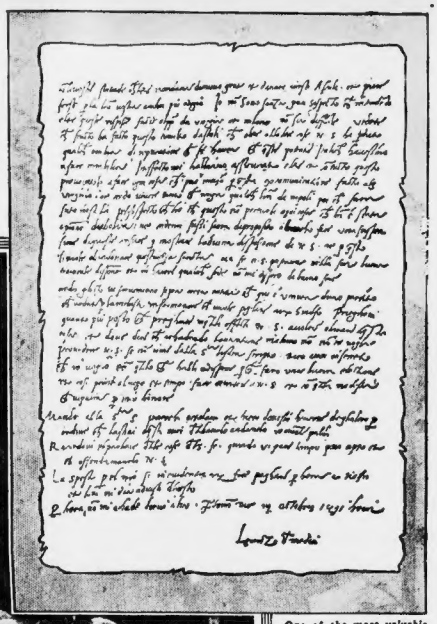
How Cosimo de Medici Killed His Daughter and Flung His Gory Dagger at Her Lover.

LOVE, we all know, cares neither for locks nor bars, and lovely young Maria de Medici was surely made to love and to caress. She had many adorers, whose ardor was all the more fierce by reason of their inability to press her hand and kiss her lips. She was in 1556 betrothed to Prince Alfonso d'Este, eldest son of the Duke of Ferrara. He was certainly not in the category of lovers, even at sight, for he had never seen his bride-to-be. That was an entirely unimportant incident in matrimonial arrangements. The union was projected entirely for political reasons, and chiefly for the putting an end to the protracted contest for precedence between the two families, which every now and again threatened to plunge all Italy into war.

Alfonso d'Este was the heir of his father, Ercole II—of his titles and wealth, but not of his good looks and polished manners; besides, his reputation for chastity and sobriety was not of the best. Directly Maria was told of the arrangement she expressed her disgust and her determination not to submit to parental dictation. Her reception of the Prince was cold in the extreme, she declined to see him apart from her sisters and attendants, and he returned to Ferrara in no amiable frame of mind.

Meanwhile love, true love, had peeped through the jalousies of Princess Maria's window, and his arrows had fled their dangerous course unseen by any but herself, and him whose heart was hers. No one suspected that a life so guarded could, by any means, be filched from its restraints, but so it was, and the first gossip sprang out of the mouth of a venerable Spanish retainer of the Duchess, the faithful custode, Mandriano, who guarded his mistress's door almost night and day.

Records Telling How in Century After Century Princely ther Poisoned Brother, Father Slew Son and Daughter, and Strangled Erring Wife, and Jealous Wife Removed nd, Now Offered at Auction After a Year's Litigation and Sold to Millionaire Art Collectors



One of the most valuable letters in the collection just sold, written by Lorenzo de Medici "the Magnificent," to his ambassador in Rome, seeking to embroil the Pope with the King of Naples and the Duke of Milan.

—On the left—
The sack of Rome in 1526 when German mercenaries under the renegade Frenchman Charles de Bourbon, despoiled the Holy City, dressed themselves in the vestments of bishops and priests, plundered churches and ransacked convents. This terrible tragedy was made possible by treachery in the Medici family.

aversing one day an unfrequented part of the gar- of the Palace on the Hill, Mandriano thought he voices, and, approaching a grove of laurels he de- the young Princess in the arms of young Malatesta alatesti.

he Duchess was furious when Mandriano told her, mmediately conveyed the portentous news to her hus-

Cosimo reflected long and acted warily, for he no move for many days. Stealthily he tracked the y cting lovers to their trysting-place. Mandriano's Has quite correct.

ummoned the two young people to his private Vhe acquainted them with the fact that the liaison hot continue, and ordered Malatesta to prepare for ate imprisonment—with the loss of all his honors e confidence of his sovereign. The boy pleaded in and testified to the innocence of the love-making t effect, except to raise the Duke's anger to a dan- pitch. Maria threw herself at her father's feet and d for mercy for her lover, asking that the parental ice should fall on her and not on Malatesta.

at you shall have, base child of mine," Cosimo a fierce tone!" Then, plucking out his poignard hidden sheath he stabbed his child to the heart. ving forth the gory weapon, he flung it at the the despairing youth, and, throwing his cloak his shoulders, rushed out of the chamber, slam- the door

ia de Medici Poisoned
r Husband, the Duke of Ferrara.

ER Cosimo de Medici had slain his daughter Maria or preferring a lover to marrying the Duke of a, the latter, for "reasons of state," married her r sister Lucrezia de Medici. It is not without sig- ce that the Duke Alfonso was a grandson of a Borgia, more noted for her knowledge of poisons y character of the Italian Renaissance. Alfonso's sences from home and his disinclination for his society left Lucrezia to seek necessary consolation ere. She did not fail of admirers in that giddy The wonder is that she maintained her dignity as she did. The Duke became jealous, of course, of ected wife—all faithless husbands are the same. spies to report to him the daily occupations of the Duchess, with the names of her visitors and friends. Thus evil eyes and ears were opened, and evil tongues began to wag, until they caused the utter undoing of the innocent young Duchess.

Alfonso, in vain, tried to fix the lovers of his wife—she was as tactful as they were prudent—but he was not without means to his end. The Duchess early gave symptoms of ill health. In Florence she was the strongest of all her father's family, but at Ferrara she became delicate and a victim to incessant sickness. What could it be?

The court physician hinted at a possible heir, but the Duke knew that was impossible, so far as he was personally concerned. Nevertheless, it served its purpose. The Winter came on, and the Duchess was confined to her apartments in the palace, suffering from continual fever and nausea. Maestra Brassavola—of good report as a specialist in feminine ailments—treated her unsuccessfully. Unhappy Lucrezia—no mother to console her, no friend to speak to her, all alone in the big palace with unkindly attendants—nearly sobbed herself to death. Daily bleedings and cuppings further diminished her strength. Some say that Don Francesco, her brother, was urged by his mother to pay Lucrezia a visit, but the bad terms upon which he stood with Duke Alfonso was an effectual bar to his mission.

Whether from craven fear or premeditated cruelty, the Duke never entered the sick room, and seemed entirely indifferent to his poor young wife. Indeed, he continued his life of prodigality and self-indulgence unrebuked, as we must suppose, by his conscience.

At last the Duchess' condition became so critical that the physicians could no longer disguise the danger, and they intimated to the Duke the approach of death. Then, and then only, Alfonso found his way to his wife's bedside. With a sorrowful, stricken face she greeted him affectionately, and remorse seemed at length to have brought him to his senses. He became the most tender of nurses and watched by his dying wife day and night—but the poison had worked its cause

At midnight, April 21, 1561, after months of cruel suffering, neglected, affronted and wronged, the innocent soul of poor young Lucrezia, Duchess of Ferrara, passed into another world. She was not yet seventeen years old—in bitter experience of life's hardships she was seventy.

At the autopsy on her body Maestro Pasquali of Florence declared that death was caused by putrid fever! Thus was the Duke's duplicity preserved.

Piero de Medici, Brother of Grand Duke Francesco, Stabs His Young Wife to Death.

THE great doors of the Palace of Caffagiuolo were wide open, and with much trepidation the Princess mounted the marble steps. The door of every room also was open and the arras pulled aside, but nowhere could she see or hear her husband. Very uncanny everything felt, the silence was almost suffocating, and the darkness threw weird shadows athwart her and her companions.

At the entrance of the room, which she deemed to be Piero's—they never had lived together there, or, indeed, anywhere, she knew not where he slept—the Princess Eleanora paused, affrighted. She had heard a rustle! She had seen something! It was a hand held beyond the arras—and there was a poignard within its grasp!

E'er she could cry out or take a step backward a sudden, savage blow struck her breast—she fell, stabbed to death. The hand was the hand of Piero de Medici!

Eleanora was dead! Her life's blood crimsoned, in a gory stream, the marble lintel, and Piero gazed at the victim of his desertion, lust and hate—he was mad!

Kneeling upon his knees in the hellish darkness he tried to stanch that ruddy stream. Then he laved his hands in her hot blood and conveyed some to his raging lips! Reason presently asserted herself, and throwing himself prostrate along the floor he hanged his head thereupon, calling out in a frenzy of remorse for mercy for his deed.

"God of Heaven," he pleaded; "judge between my wife and me—I vow that I will do penance for my deed and never wed again."

The short Summer's night early gave place to the dawn—not rosy that sad morning, but overcast—gloom was in everything.

Piero was still praying by his dead wife's side when the tramp of footsteps upon the gravel outside the house fell upon his ears. Swiftly he ran and closed the entrance doors, and calling in a creature of his—a base-born medico—he ordered him to make, there and then, an autopsy of the corpse and report according to his express instructions.

"Death from heart failure and the rupture of an artery," such ran the medical certificate of death. Miserable Eleanora di Piero de Medici was buried ceremoniously in the family vault at San Lorenzo, and Piero made a confession, hitherto unrevealed, to his brother, the Grand Duke.

Isabella de Medici Strangled by Her Jealous Husband.

THE dinner party was numerous and merry, but not one of the company was gayer than the host. The Princess Isabella de Medici, Duchess of Bracciano, sat beside him and he offered her many loverlike attentions. Everybody remarked these excellent and unusual relations between the Duke and Duchess and wondered greatly thereat. After a very pleasant musical evening the company separated for the night, and the Duke passing into his own bedchamber, invited his wife to enter with him.

Was it instinct or was it second sight which caused Isabella's steps to falter on the threshold? She trembled as her husband held aside the arras, turned deadly pale and retreating for a moment, she whispered to her lady-in-waiting, Donna Lu[illegible]a de Freseobaldi, "Shall I enter or shall I not?" Bu[illegible]'s voice again was raised in gentle persuasiveness, and taking her by her hand, clammy cold as it was, he asked her, laughingly, why she held back.

She bade Donna Lucrezia good-night very tremulously, and then the curtain fell and Isabella was alone with her lord. The room was in its usual state, but truth to tell, she had not lain there for many a long night, and, as the Duke continued to talk affectionately, and to prepare for bed, she began to feel less alarm. Without more ado she flung herself into a deep lounging chair and began to meditate and to chatter.

Seating himself by her side, Bracciano began to caress her hands and to fondle her in his arms, and when he noted that she had given herself entirely to his will and pleasure, as an amorous, faithful wife once more, he swiftly reached down for a corda di collo—a horse's halter—which he had placed behind the chair. Implanting an impassioned kiss upon those lovely lips, which had so long yearned for a husband's embrace, he adroitly threw the rope round his wife's neck, and pulling it taut in a wild access of rage, he strangled her—holding on until her struggles ceased.

Then he cast her fair body from him and spurned it with his foot, as though it had been some foul and loathsome thing. Thus perished, in her thirty-sixth year, Isabella de Medici, wife of Paolo Giordano d'Orsini—as sinful as she was lovely, but much more sinned against than sinning, after all.

Morning and Motor Dresses by Lady Duff Gordon

A Smart and Serviceable Mid-summer One-Piece Gown.

A General Utility Coat of New Lines and Combinations.

A Durable One-Piece Frock for Walking and Morning Wear.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon

TO-DAY I show you a group of utility garments. Light, tenuous, butterfly robes and wraps we may have but utility apparel we must have.

The motor and utility coat commends itself as something of general use. Of light-weight duvetyn it is permissible for any occasion save formal evening attire. It presents novelties in line and length and trimming touches. The skirt of the coat is slightly bouffant. Yet it is long, and near the ankles is slightly cutaway. The extremely wide shawl collar is draped from the waist line in front. It falls far from the neck. Made of the same material as the coat, the shawl collar has a border and extra collar of the silk. The long bell sleeves are bordered by a band of the silk about the wide cuff. A curious touch is the band of the light silk that defines the seam. The coat is faced with the silk. The facing is turned back in a narrow fold about the front and hem of the coat skirt. Large buttons are covered with the silk.

A Summer gown more useful than many of the creations for Summer wear is made of dark and light polka dotted voile. The skirt is of straight front and side and back pieces of a dark voile background with large, light polka dots. Along the seams are Valenciennes insets. A long modified Summer blouse is made of light voile with dark polka dots, the color scheme of the skirt being revered. The outstanding panniers have a border of the white Valenciennes edge. The seams have Valenciennes insets in long lines corresponding to those of the skirt. Valenciennes insertion is also set into the sleeves in a horizontal line at the elbows. A row of the insertion joins the skirt with the blouse. The half belt at the sides is of embroidered nainsook. The material of the skirt is utilized for cuffs. The seam by which the sides of the blouse are attached to the wide sleeves is marked by an inset of Valenciennes. The skirt and cuffs have a border of the Valenciennes. The lace skirt is a little shorter in front to permit the coquetry of a display of the lace flounce upon the white underslip. The utility of the gown consists in its prevailing dark colors.

The third figure is a one-piece, many-tucked gown of light silk duvetyn. The fullness is drawn in a trifle at the waist by a double belt, crossed at the back and fastened by a large buckle covered with the cloth. The seams are defined by double stitching. At the ends of the tucks are large cloth buttons. The skirt is slashed at the hem and finished with slightly turned scallops.

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The Secret Door

By Derek Vane

ynopsis of Previous Chapters.

NORAH young and popular Lady Estcourt, misunderstanding her husband's effort to save her from the knowledge of his threatened blindness, becomes jealous of his interest in his old friend, Olga Lethbridge. Paul Delacour, of the French diplomatic service, forestalls this misunderstanding and persuades Norah to elope with him to Paris while Lord Estcourt is away consulting an eye specialist in Wiesbaden.

CHAPTER V. (Continued)

"Is There No Place for Repentance?"

"WHAT did she mean?" she asked, turning sharply on Paul. "Did you hear? Max Bernhardt is the great Wiesbaden eye specialist. What has my Lord Estcourt to do with him?"

"I don't know," he answered, shortly. "Lady Sarah talks so much and knows so many people that I expect she has got mixed. She must mean someone else."

"It seems strange," she continued. "If Ralph went to Germany that would explain how we saw him at Victoria yesterday. Suppose—suppose," and a sudden fear shook her voice. "But it is too late now for explanations or regrets. I have done with the past."

Nevertheless, Lady Estcourt sat silent and thoughtful most of the journey, unable to shake off her uneasiness, to dispel the vague doubts and conjectures that tormented her.

As the train entered the Gare du Nord, Paul turned to Norah with a smile.

"We have arrived," he said. "I am afraid you are very tired," as she moved reluctantly. "Poor little girl! It has been a trying day for you. I am glad it is over and done with. To-morrow we shall begin to be happy."

But the day was not done with yet; the most important event of all, at least as far as Delacour was concerned, was still to come. He stepped out on the platform and was assisting Norah to alight when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned round sharply. Two men were standing, one on each side of him; they were the men who had shared his journey from London. Of eminently respectable appearance, it yet was quite evident that they did not belong to the class of Paul Delacour's friends. He made a haughty movement to shake off the detaining hand. But it only tightened its hold.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily. "Who"—

"We have orders from the French Government to arrest you," the detective said.

Delacour staggered and caught at the door for support, his face a ghastly white under the olive skin. Norah was looking on, dismayed and bewildered, not understanding what had happened.

"What is it? Who are these men?" she cried. "You frighten me, Paul."

By a supreme effort he rallied from the killing blow, and turned to the officers with a measure of composure.

"Will you allow me to say a few words to this lady?" he asked, and permission was given.

"Oh, what can I say? Will you ever forgive me?" he broke out, passionately, as he drew Norah a little on one side. "Mon Dieu! what a fate—what a monstrous chance! I can't realize it. It maddens me." He looked in her face with wild eyes. "Dear heart, is it possible that our dream is broken before it has begun?"

"But what has happened?" she asked, frantically. "What does it all mean? For pity's sake, explain. Have I not borne enough? Can there be worse in store? Paul! Paul! What is it?" She was trembling from head to foot and clung to his arm to save herself from falling.

"I am in a dangerous position I am accused of having—of some betrayal of trust," he said, hoarsely. "That is bad enough, but the terrible thing is that I must leave you here alone. There may be no coming back from where they are taking me. It will be a long good-by."

"Leave me?" she cried. "You cannot; it is impossible! What should I do? What is to become of me? Where shall I go?" She was half distraught with fear.

"Go home," he said, with a sudden inspiration. "That is your best chance. I can do nothing for you now. Go back to your husband as if nothing had happened. Perhaps he is less guilty than you imagine. Appearances were against him, and—and I made the most of them and deceived you."

"But the letter!" she cried. "I wrote him a letter saying that I was leaving him forever—that I had accepted another man's devotion because his had failed me. Is it likely that he will take me back after that?"

Paul uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Did you leave it at home?" he asked, quickly. "You did, for you did not know his address. Then make haste back; you still have a chance. If he has not returned—and it is hardly likely he can be back yet—you can destroy the letter without any one being the wiser. I want to do the best I can for you. I would never have brought you away if I had anticipated such a horror as this. Go back! Heaven grant that you may be in time."

The officers were growing impatient and he could say no more.

"At 8:40." She looked at the station clock. It was now half past seven. She had more than enough time. She wondered if there were anything one ought to do, and an idea occurred to her.

"Take my luggage to the cloak room," she said, "and call a cab."

It might be as well, she thought, to use the time in going to her dressmaker, as she had told Lady Sarah she should, so that, in case any suspicion of her journey should ever arise, she would have the woman to prove that she had been with her.

Mme. Mathilde was a little surprised at seeing Lady Estcourt so late, and also a little surprised at her ladyship's haggard appearance and hurried manner. As a rule, she was not so easy to please with her gowns. But Mathilde received a liberal order and was quite ready to accept her ladyship's explanation that important engagements did not allow of her spending a night in Paris.

Lady Estcourt got back to the station and took her seat in the train. She wondered if it would never start, though it was punctual to the minute. She chafed at every delay. Did not all that made her life worth living depend on her being in time? She prayed as she had never prayed in all her life thoroughbred. She forgot her fears and weariness; she saw only the goal ahead—safety.

The platform was almost deserted, but a porter stood beside her luggage, watching her curiously. She beckoned to him.

"What time does the boat-train for Calais leave?" she inquired.

Norah looked wildly round as he was led away. She was appalled by the horror of her situation, as helpless as a child, and, like a child, she could have sat down and cried her heart out. She was not accustomed to traveling alone, and she did not know what to do. But she roused herself for an instant. Her honor and happiness—her whole future life—were at stake. She must fight for herself as she had never fought before. The thought of the coming struggle was like the touch of the spur to a thoroughbred. She forgot her fears and weariness; she saw only the goal ahead—safety.

The platform was almost deserted, but a porter stood beside her luggage, watching her curiously. She beckoned to him.

"What time does the boat-train for Calais leave?" she inquired.

"At 8:40." She looked at the station clock. It was now half past seven. She had more than enough time. She wondered if there were anything one ought to do, and an idea occurred to her.

"Take my luggage to the cloak room," she said, "and call a cab."

It might be as well, she thought, to use the time in going to her dressmaker, as she had told Lady Sarah she should, so that, in case any suspicion of her journey should ever arise, she would have the woman to prove that she had been with her.

Mme. Mathilde was a little surprised at seeing Lady Estcourt so late, and also a little surprised at her ladyship's haggard appearance and hurried manner. As a rule, she was not so easy to please with her gowns. But Mathilde received a liberal order and was quite ready to accept her ladyship's explanation that important engagements did not allow of her spending a night in Paris.

Lady Estcourt got back to the station and took her seat in the train. She wondered if it would never start, though it was punctual to the minute. She chafed at every delay. Did not all that made her life worth living depend on her being in time? She prayed as she had never prayed in all her life

A Heart-Throbbing Romance of Fashionable Society Life

Continued from Page 9.

turned to Lady Estcourt first with hers.

"I'll take them all," she said, looking across at Estcourt with a smile as she took both packets. "I'll tell you from the outsides what is worthy of your lordship's attention and what is destined for the wastepaper basket."

He watched her idly with happy eyes. It was so pleasant to be with her again like this that everything she did seemed right.

"Here is a bill," she said. "Don't I know the plain commercial hand writing to my cost?" She slit open the envelope leisurely. "I am shocked," shaking her head at him reprovingly. "It says, 'To account rendered.' I should not have thought so precise and business like a person knew the meaning of such words, sir."

Like most women, Lady Estcourt could play a part, and she played it now with heart and soul, knowing how much was at stake, though she was sick with fear and suspense. She had caught sight of her enemy's handwriting on one of the envelopes, and she could guess what it contained.

"This is a begging petition," holding up another letter. "I know it by its bulk. There will be pictures of little orphans as they were and as they are, or something of that sort." Ralph, with sudden break in her voice, "whatever it is, if any one is in trouble, you will help them, won't you? I should like to make somebody happy to-day." Perhaps she had a vague idea of buying fate over to her side, of compounding with Providence.

"As happy as we are?" he said, tenderly, thinking he understood. "Of course, sweetheart; I am glad you thought of it. I have a big debt of gratitude to pay to somebody."

The paper-knife shook in her hand as she opened Miss Lethbridge's letter, though she went on talking nonsense all the time. The horror she held at bay was ready to spring on her if she faltered but a moment; if she made the slightest mistake. Her husband was lying back in his chair looking at her.

"This is from the friend of your youth," she said, laughing. "You should not be surprised if she confides with you just a little for having married such a feather-brained creature." She saw that the enclosure contained two enclosures, and she slowly drew out Miss Lethbridge's letter, leaving the other (which she knew must be her own returned) inside.

Miss Lethbridge wrote as follows, and the trembling woman read in silence, swiftly, while the man was hunting for a cigarette:

"My Dear Ralph—I cannot tell you how grieved and shocked I am at your terrible trouble, though I am afraid I can hardly say that I am very much surprised. No doubt you will have learned the truth by this time, though by accident I have received the letter intended for you. It arrived just as I was rejoicing over the good news in your telegram, and I thought how your joy would be turned into mourning. It is too cruel. That such a thing should have happened to you of all men! . . . But don't think of all your tenderness and consideration for her, it seems impossible that any woman can be so base. I cannot write any more; you know that all my thought and sympathies are with you. When you feel able to see any one, remember our old friendship, and come to me. OLGA."

In a glance Lady Estcourt had mastered the contents, but she sat with a fatal letter in her hand, as though turned to stone. She seemed to be looking into the gulf into which she had so nearly fallen. Then a wave of anger and hate swept over her; her enemy was unmasked at last. It was easy to read the satisfaction between the lines. Miss Lethbridge discreetly rejoiced at the downfall of the woman who had taken her place.

"Well," Estcourt asked, a little curiously, "what has Olga got to say? You don't look quite pleased."

She came back to her surroundings with a start and remembered what she had to do.

"It is rather a rude letter," she said, angrily, crumpling it up in her hand. "She expresses so much unnecessary surprise at what, after all, was a very simple accident that might happen to anybody. I dislike people who never make mistakes."

He laughed at her petulance.

"But where is my letter?" he said. "I must have that. You have written me so few that I cannot afford to part with one." And, stretching out his hand, he picked up the envelope containing her rejected letter before she had time to stop him.

CHAPTER VII.

"Think, and Be Sorry You Did This Thing."

As Lady Estcourt saw her husband with the proof of her guilt in his hand a cold moisture dewed her forehead, and for a moment she was afraid of fainting. Then she sprang up and caught his hand with the betraying letter in both her own. She knelt down by his chair, so that he could not see her face, and a wild cry went up from her heart for help and mercy.

"Ralph," she said, softly, leaning her head against his arm, "you don't want to make me unhappy, do you?"

"Unhappy? Of course not, dear. Why, what is it? What do you mean?"

"I haven't understood you, or late, Ralph. I thought you had grown tired of me, you were so cold and strange, and it made me very miserable. Not only miserable—angry and reckless, and bitter, too. So when you went away so abruptly I thought I would run across to Paris, just to show you that I was as free as you. I—I only went to my dressmaker, but I did not tell you that, as I hoped you would be angry and anxious. I wanted to make you suffer a little of what I was suffering."

As lie and half-lie fell from her lips she loathed herself for her duplicity, but there was no turning back now.

"No, don't speak yet," she said, when he gave a startled exclamation, "and don't be alarmed to me," as he gently caressed her hair. "I do not deserve it.

Before I began I wrote you a few cold, hard words, saying that I might be away a night or two, and that was all. . . . I don't want you to have that letter, Ralph; I don't want you to see how unkind I was. I want you to forget, not to remember."

"And I will," he answered, readily; "it shall be just as you say. Poor little girl," taking her in his arms. "I had no idea that you were feeling it like that. I wanted to spare you as much as possible, and it seems I was only making you unhappy. If I had only known! But a terrible calamity threatened me, dear; something I was afraid to contemplate, and which could not bear to tell you while a shadow of hope remained. I wanted you to be happy as long as possible."

Then in a few words he told her his secret, and at every word the iron entered more deeply into her soul. Oh! the pity of it—the folly and madness of it all! Everything that had appeared so overwhelming when taken at its worst seemed so simple now. To think that a hint—a word — would have saved her, and that if had been withheld! That a too thoughtful love—a love that would not suffer the wind to blow on her too roughly—had been her ruin.

"If you had only told me," she moaned; "if you had only told me!" And he thought she was hurt at being shut out of his confidence.

"I did it for the best," he said, humbly, "though I see now it was a mistake. But don't take it so to heart, dear. That's heaven, it has turned out best—than I dared to expect. Bernhardt took a much more hopeful view than the doctors here, and he has recommended quite a different treatment. It will be long and tedious, but he almost promised me a complete cure if I am careful and take life easily. I nearly made a fool of myself when he told me, the relief was so great. I had been bracing myself up for the worst."

"And you bore it all alone," she said, pitifully, forgetting her own peril in his. "My poor Ralph! And you never guessed how gladly I would have done my part. I can hardly forgive you now that you should have told Miss Lethbridge and not me. How I should have liked to help and comfort you. What a pleasure-loving, selfish wife you must have thought me!"

"You know better than that," he said, "and Olga found out for herself more than I told her. But we won't talk about it any more. We have cleared everything up now, haven't we? And we will make no secrets in future. But first, you must get rid of that letter. I am not going to have you brood over it alone and make yourself unhappy. I know what a genius women have for tormenting themselves about trifles."

He lit a cigarette and brought it to her, smiling into her pale face.

"Now burn it," he said, "beyond any power of resurrection, and then I shall order you off to bed. You never saw such a wreck. You must sleep the clock round before I speak to you again."

She had thrust her own letter in her pocket to examine later, but as the outer page was blank he did not guess that she had substituted for it Miss Lethbridge's note of explanation. It was only a degree less dangerous, and with a sigh of relief she held it in the flame until a little heap of tinder was all that remained. Estcourt took up the blackened fragments, and with a light laugh he opened the window and scattered them to the winds.

"There!" he said. "I think they are done with now."

But even as Norah tried to hope for the best, the memory of some half-forgotten words came back to her. "An act was sowed and a destiny was reaped." Strange that she should think of that now. She shuddered with a chill presentiment. Was this act indeed done with? Or was already the destiny she had earned taking shape? The written evidence against her was destroyed, but there was still her enemy to be reckoned with. What would Olga Lethbridge do?

"Whatever she says or does, I shall defy her," she resolved. "It will be my word against hers. I know which Ralph will believe. I see now how she wormed herself into his confidence, but she shall have fewer opportunities in future."

When Lady Estcourt was alone in her own room she took her letter out to read before destroying it. It was as well she should remember exactly what she had said. It was hardly likely that Miss Lethbridge would let the matter rest there. Besides, for the present he is powerless, I met no one on the journey. I know except Aunt Sarah, and she couldn't have known there was anything wrong, though she looked suspicious and disapproving when she saw Paul. I wonder if it would be better to go and see her and tell her the whole truth. She has known me from a child, and I think she would help me if she could. It would be useful to have such a powerful friend at my back."

She locked the letter away safely and then rang the bell for her maid. "Is Lord Estcourt in?" she asked, when Marie appeared.

"No, my lady. His lordship would not disturb you, so he left word he had gone to his club, but would be home to dinner."

She considered a moment.

"Go and ask on the telephone if Lady Sarah Rochester can see me at five o'clock," she said. In a few minutes the maid returned with an answer in the affirmative.

"Very well. Then bring me some tea in an hour's time and don't disturb me on any account before then. I am not at home to anybody."

As soon as Marie had noiselessly taken her departure Lady Estcourt dropped her head on the cushions and closed her eyes. She would not think any more; she must have a brief interval of rest, to prepare her for what was to come.

Lady Sarah had a house near Regent's Park, which her late husband, who was a business man with cash tastes, preferred to a more fashionable quarter.

"Poor Richard would really have liked the solid respectability of Bloomsbury better than anything else," Lady Sarah would say, with a laugh, "but I had to draw the line at that. We live in Russell Square had always been the end and aim of his ambitions. I believe in his early, struggling days he was a sort of Dick Whittington, you know —he would wander up and down that gloomy place and decide which house he would have when his fortune was made."

When Norah arrived she was taken up at once to Lady Sarah's boudoir, where she was glad to find her alone.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable, my dear," said her hostess, struggling half out of her chair. "I hope you have come for a long chat, I was rather tired after my journey, so I have been taking it easy to-day. But how did you manage to get back so soon?"

"I came by the night mail." There was an exclamation of surprise. "I—I was very anxious to get home. Aunt Sarah," desperately, "I am in trouble, and I want your advice. May I tell you all about it?"

Lady Sarah looked gravely into the girlish face with her kind, wise eyes, and recognized how real the trouble was. This was not the brilliant beauty, the petted favorite of society; it was a woman with a secret of which she was afraid.

"Of course," she said, kindly, "tell me what you like. If I cannot help you, you know that I shall at least respect your confidence."

"Well," she added, after a moment, as Norah sat struggling with her thoughts, "is it so difficult to speak? Will it help you if I say that yours will not be the first secret by many that has been confided to me, and that more than one of them had danger in it?"

"There is not only danger in mine, there is possible shame, too —shame and disgrace." A wave of color swept over her face as she forced the words out. Lady Sarah was startled.

"I hope you are exaggerating," she said, gravely. "I cannot associate such words with you. But let me hear all about it, then we will see what can be done."

Then came the halting and tearful confession.

"That is the whole story," Norah said, when she had finished. "I do not think I have omitted anything. Have you ever known a more awful position? I am on the edge of a precipice."

"It is bad enough, certainly," Lady Sarah said, in shocked surprise. "Oh! you foolish child. I should never have thought you capable of such folly. Why, you have been so mad, though I was afraid you had a fancy for that Frenchman, and, unfortunately, Estcourt played into his hands. I knew he was making a mistake, but he is just one of those proud, obstinate, unsuspicious men who won't listen to reason. If I had hinted to him that he left you too much with that accomplished scoundrel, he would have knocked me down. At least, he would have wanted to."

"I know—I know," Norah cried, remorsefully. "He is so loyal so trusting, that is why he would never forgive me if he knew what I had done."

"No, I don't think he would," Lady Sarah said, thoughtfully. "The Estcourts are a stiff-necked race, though I won't say I don't admire them for having the courage of their prejudices in this generation of amiable nonentities. But as you have given your secret away to Olga Lethbridge, I don't see how you can keep Estcourt from knowing it. Fate served you a shabby trick there, my dear; another woman might have been generous, but she'—— She finished with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Yes, I know she is my enemy; am prepared for that. But I am going to fight her," throwing up her head. "I am going to fight her for all I am worth. Oh, won't you help me?" imploring on her knees by Lady Sarah. "I am not a bad woman; you needn't mind helping me; you won't be doing Ralph any wrong. I am true with all my heart, as I know now that he loves me. It would spoil his life as well as mine if anything came between us."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Thy Soul Shall Be Sorely Afraid."

LADY SARAH took the pretty head to her motherly breast. Perhaps it was because she had no children of her own that her sympathies were so wide and far reaching.

"Poor child, you needn't tell me that you have been more sinned against than sinning; but, unfortunately, in this world weakness is often as severely punished as wickedness. However, I'll do what I can, and I think my word and countenance carry some weight. I have no liking for Olga Lethbridge, and I have considerable affection for you and Estcourt. Your lives shall not be spoiled if I can help it."

"How kind you are! I feel more hopeful already. People will hesitate to show me the cold shoulder —no matter what they hear—if they see you are on my side. What can I say to thank you?"

"Nothing. I am your friend, not only for your own sake, but still more because you are your father's daughter."

Norah looked up in surprise.

"You don't understand?" Lady Sarah laughed a little. "Young people never can realize that their elders—those uninteresting middle-aged folk—can ever have been young and romantic. Your father and I had a liking for each other as boy and girl, dear, but we were both as poor as church mice, so—so it came to nothing. But though I am quite sure he forgot all about me very shortly, he has remained my one romance, and you know how a woman clings to that. I am telling you this so that you may know that you have a special claim on me, which I shall always be ready to acknowledge."

"I understand," Norah said, softly, and kissed the kind face, in which the eyes were a little dim with astonishment.

"And now let us go over the whole situation together," Lady Sarah said, returning to her everyday manner, "and arrange our plan of campaign. We have a very subtle enemy to deal with and can not afford to overlook anything."

Lady Sarah was a born diplomatist of the deceptively frank, genial order, and entered heart and soul into any battle of wits.

"You don't think there would be a chance of Ralph forgiving me if I told him?" Norah said, wishing to hear her opinion.

"You don't think I in wrong of me to deceive him?"

"As things are—no. What would be the result? Misery all round, and I have lived long enough to know what a precious thing happiness is. Some people indulge in a regular orgy of confession and think that atones for everything. It is often only a form of selfishness. They relieve their own minds and do not care how much they make any one else suffer. The fault was yours, and you can take your punishment alone or drag Ralph into it. Which will you do?"

"Take it alone," Norah answered, slowly, as though answering a vow. "I have hesitated for the last time." Her face was white, but her eyes looked straight ahead with a steady, resolute gaze. Would they have been as brave had they seen the road her tender feet would tread?

"Of course," Lady Sarah said, after the interview, "the woman means mischief; there is no doubt of that or she would not have kept the letter. But we don't know yet what form it will take. When she finds you haven't gone away, after all, she will probably think you changed your mind at the last moment, and she may do nothing openly. She will know that though the letter would separate you and Estcourt, it would be the only thing that would satisfy her. Really," with a laugh, "one wishes sometimes one kept a convenient dungeon for such people, as they did in the old days. I should have no hesitation in popping Olga Lethbridge in until she grew wise and better. Come and see me again when I have thought it over."

When Norah had gone Lady Sarah gave some time and consideration to the miserable impossible. She was determined to fight Olga Lethbridge, and she would not be particular what weapons she used. Norah's blue eyes—the eyes of the dead man she had loved—with their brightness dimmed by tears, had appealed to her strongly, and she would save the unhappy girl if it were in any way possible.

When Lady Estcourt arrived home she had just time to dress for dinner, and she gave herself up with a sigh of satisfaction, to Marie's capable hands. She wanted to lose the last stain and sign of her journey.

"What will your ladyship wear to-night?" Marie asked, when the burnished hair had been arranged with its usual simple distinctness. Lady Estcourt considered that her hair was quite conspicuousness enough of itself and would not have it elaborately dressed.

"That new cream de Nil gown," she said, smiling at her thoughts.

"Is your ladyship going out?" Marie asked, in surprise. Lady Estcourt had seemed so tired that she had imagined she intended staying at home for once.

"No. And I'll wear my emeralds with it."

Marie almost gasped. She was French enough to think such an elaborate toilet thrown away on only a husband.

"You look like a mermaid," Estcourt said when Norah came in, "all green and gold. I can imagine you sitting on a rock in the moonlight combing your hair. Isn't that rather a gorgeous get-up to waste on only me?" He held her at arm's length—a beautiful, shimmering vision. "You dazzle my eyes," he said, passionately. "I haven't dared to take such a good look at you for a long time. I was always afraid of making a fool of myself, and yet I could have watched you all day long. I wished so much to remember every look, every expression—the smallest detail."

Tears filled her eyes.

"Nothing is too good for you," she said, softly. "I dressed to please you to-night; I wanted to look my best. Those dear eyes"—with a caressing touch—"and to think I never knew! If I had guessed I should never have let you out of my sight. Thank Heaven, that horror is over; I do not know how I could have borne it."

"That is what I feared," he said. "It began to work havoc with my nerves. But we are getting gloomy again; this will never do. Come and see whether some Pommery will cheer us up. I shall expect you to pledge me in a bumper."

And they went in to dinner.

They had neither of them enjoyed the smartest function half as much as they enjoyed this tete-a-tete, though the table stretched between them and their conversation was limited to commonplaces. A glance may express so much when it is winged by love; a word—a laugh may be enough for happiness.

The servants had left the room and Norah was finishing her grapes when Estcourt said suddenly:

"Do you know what I heard at the club to-day?"

She looked up inquiringly.

"They say that Fortescue is taking his wife back. No one felt more sorry for her than I did—than I do. She had a hard life, and one can understand how the wretched catastrophe came about. But how any man can take back his wife after she has deserted and betrayed him—whatever excuse may be made for her, however much he has cared, or may still care—utterly passes my comprehension."

"You could not forgive?" she murmured, unsteadily.

"It is not a question of forgiveness," he said, sternly. "I might possibly both pity and forgive; but I would not live with such a woman again. The more I loved her the less would it be possible. I could not bear the contrast between what had been and what was; it would taint everything. Though I might forgive I could never forget, and with that horrible memory ready to set between us at any moment to take up the old life again would be horrible—impossible."

"But she is so young, not much older than I am. What would have become of her if he had not been merciful? Once upon a time she had everything to make her happy —as I have."

"Don't make such comparisons," sharply. "I don't like them. I know how easy and charitable society is nowadays in such matters —especially as long as any pretence can be kept up—but I think it is a mistake. I would draw a distinct line between good and evil, between the sheep and the goats. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. A man and a woman deteriorate when they lower their standard of right and wrong, when they sacrifice their principles to expediency."

"It sounds cruel. I don't like to think that you could be so hard."

"You cannot escape her terrible retribution; sooner or later, if you have sinned, you must suffer. That is one of the rules of the universe. You are free to choose, but the hard law it is a just and, I think, a necessary one."

"Then do sorrow and repentance count for nothing? Why should we grieve and repent if it is to make no difference?"

"But I do see—to ourselves, if to no one else. Only what has been must always be; you cannot wipe out the past. It follows us all through our lives for good or evil."

"Oh, no! no!" she cried, passionately, springing to her feet. "Not that—not shadowed forever! There must be escape at last some day. The sentence cannot be for life." She shuddered at the word.

"Come, sweetheart, what is it?" he asked, throwing his arm round the trembling, excited girl. "You are overtired—overwrought with all that has happened lately, and I ought not to have told you that sad story. Have I been preaching, and do you think me a monster of severity? He kissed her tenderly. "Darling, don't you know it is all pretence?" trying to make her laugh. "Don't you know that I am wax in your hands, to make of me what you please?"

She looked up with a faint smile, but in her heart she knew that he had spoken the truth. That dear to him though she was, that plant though he might be up to a certain point, beyond that the wax would be iron. In all small matters she could do as she pleased with him; but she could never make him false to his principles; to his own nature.

"That settles the question completely," she thought; "that puts any idea of confession out of my mind. It would be useless, hopeless. I should lose him forever. And I must keep him at any price —at any price."

But she was beginning to realize how heavy the price would be, and how difficult to pay.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1910, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

"Catching his hand with the betraying letter in both her own, she knelt down by his chair and a wild cry went up from her heart for help and mercy."

Copyright, 1910, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Health, Beauty And The Home

The Cooling Cucumber

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

IT was not many years ago that cucumbers were looked upon with disfavor. Indeed, many people thought that they were quite poisonous. But as with a great many other things this opinion has been reversed until now health authorities agree that we have no hot weather "fruit" (or is it a vegetable?) which is more refreshing and of greater value.

The cucumber belongs to the familiar melon family, and, like all its relatives, has a great quantity of water, but it also has salts and mineral matter in high proportion. The old theory that it was indigestible has vanished and we know that a ripe cucumber may be eaten safely by even a small child. Cucumbers, however, should not be eaten when too old or when green and somewhat acrid.

A salad without cucumber is like an egg without salt. It seems to be the one ingredient that can be added to any salad with great improvement.

Unfortunately many families never know a cucumber except when sliced and drenched in strong vinegar. This is the worst way to serve it.

The dressing for a cucumber should always be delicate, mild and creamy, but not harsh or strong. One of the most delicious ways of serving it in salad form is to cut in large dice and add to sliced radishes, grated onion and a cream mayonnaise. Arranged on crisp lettuce, nothing could be more refreshing for a hot Summer evening. Hard-boiled eggs may be added, or shrimps or sardines, or a few potatoes, and thus a mere substantial dish be made.

But there is no need of combining cucumbers to salads, for they are most delicious fried or baked. Take a large cucumber, pare and cut in two-inch chunks; bread with egg and crumbs and sauté in butter and you will have a dish fit for the gods. Cucumber soup is another darling dish, but one so delicate that even an invalid will revel over it.

Cucumbers appeal also because of their picturesqueness. The green shiny skin delights the eye by its coolness and can be utilized even on the table.

One of the prettiest of fancy salads is a "boat" salad made by scooping out the upper inside of a narrow, shapely cucumber until it looks like a canoe. Then fill this long cavity with chopped celery, nuts and radishes or cream cheese and dressing. A small flag may be hoisted at one end bearing a "place" or motto card.

Still another attractive way is to cut a large cucumber in half, leaving the skin on, but cutting off a tiny slice at the bottom in order to make the cucumber stand upright. A small cavity may be hollowed in this column and filled with the chopped pulp of the cucumber or any other mixture. This is very pretty for a green and white luncheon.

In most foreign countries cucumbers are more highly regarded as articles of food than here. The author recalls seeing Russian peasant after peasant eat his noon meal of brown bread and salted cucumber, and in all Scandinavian countries the pickled cucumber is almost as staple as a potato.

Owing to its flat taste the cucumber lends itself particularly well to combinations with stronger foods such as tomato, cream cheese and celery. A cucumber mold is a pleasant Summer novelty. It is made by grating the pulp, adding lemon juice and seasoning and sufficient gelatine and water to make it into a mold. A few drops of green coloring may also be added. This eaten with mayonnaise is most refreshing and changeful from the usual heavier food. At this season cucumbers are plentiful and cheap, and every housewife would do well to get better acquainted with them.

It is interesting to note that cucumbers have been cultivated from the very earliest times. The vegetable is a native of Asia, and from there has been carried all over the world. It flourishes during the warm months in nearly every part of the United States. There are a great many varieties of cucumbers in cultivation, and they differ widely in size and shape.

Miss Mary Lee Swann, Whose Tested Cooking Recipes and Appetizing Menus for the Week Enjoy Such Deserved Popularity with Readers of This Page.

The Beauty of Gray Hair

By Lina Cavalieri,
The Most Famous Living Beauty.

GRAY hair is wonderfully becoming to a face that has begun to lose its youthful [illegible]. It also imparts an air of [illegible] and emphasizes a certain [illegible] of openness there may be in a woman's face. To a young face it gives a piquancy and an interest that calls for a second look.

When you stop to think of it, it is indeed a merciful provision of nature for which we cannot be too grateful, and we should endeavor to show our appreciation of this beautiful and softening influence by encouraging the hair in a way to bring out more of its natural beauty.

The chief fault is when you put compulsion upon it to force it back into straight, unbecoming lines and make no attempt to arrange the hair into a becoming frame for the face, then gray hair will make you look older and more unattractive in appearance. But any woman with a proper pride in herself will take pains to look even lovelier with gray hair.

There are rare exceptions—when the hair is graying prematurely or after some severe shock and illness—when it may seem advisable to resort to some plan to restore it to its former color, but even then I would not advise dyeing the hair, because no dyed hair however satisfactorily done, can ever approach the natural beauty of gray hair.

If my hair was prematurely gray, and I wanted to make an effort to restore it to its original color I would first take a general treatment for the system, hoping the present crop of gray hair would fall out and one of natural color would appear.

Or if I wanted to try some harmless preparation that would not injure the hair or scalp in any way I would use henna for a while. The only difficulty with henna is that it turns the hair a reddish hue. If your hair happens to be that shade naturally then henna is the right thing for you to use. It is prepared by pouring a pint of boiling water on an ounce of the henna leaves.

Afterward the mixture should be strained and set aside to cool. The hair must be thoroughly clean when it is applied, as the best time to apply it is immediately after a shampoo, though not before the hair has been thoroughly dried, several applications of the henna may be needed to secure the desired shade. But when the color is what you want then rinse the hair in clear water and dry it once more in the open air.

But do not place too much reliance upon the henna. Look carefully to the state of your general health and be sure to keep your scalp cool, clean and moist. Brush your hair thoroughly every night before you retire. This will bring out the natural oil.

Here is a wash that has proved successful when the hair was turning gray: Sulphur, 2 ounces; bay rum, 8 ounces. Use the sulphur in lumps because that will not adhere to the scalp as will the sulphur in the powdered state.

If you feel happier to keep your hair its natural color, by all means do it, if you can, but I assure you that you will find it much the wisest plan to let nature have her own way.

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL Eyebrows and Eyelashes

Lash-Brow-Ine

for a short time. It is a pure, harmless, tastefully scented cream which, nourishing the roots of Eyebrows and Eyelashes, making them long, thick and beautiful. Thousands of women have been delighted with the wonderful results gained by its use. WHY NOT YOU? Two SIZES—50 cents and $1. It is especially adapted by mail in plain cover prepaid. SATISFACTION ASSURED OR PRICE REFUNDED. Avoid disappointments with imitations. Look for the picture of the LASH BROWINE GIRL"—same as above on every package.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
1909-47 Lunt Ave. CHICAGO.

Tested "Bone Dry" Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
Principal, Scudder School of Household Arts.

Fruit Juice Salad Dressing.

BEAT 2 egg yolks slightly. Add gradually 2-3 cup mixed fruit juices, stirring constantly. Then add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and cook over hot water until mixture thickens.

Prohibition Punch.

BOIL 1 quart water with 2 cups sugar and 2 cups chopped pineapple thirty minutes. Add ½ cup lemon juice, 1 cup orange juice and 1 sliced banana. Dilute with ice water.

Cider Punch.

MIX 1 quart sweet apple cider and ¾ cup lemon juice. Add sugar to taste. Strain into a punch bowl over a large square of ice. Add 1 quart ice water or chilled charged water.

Grape Juice.

PICK over and wash grapes. Place in kettle on back of stove. Heat slowly, and when soft strain through a cheesecloth bag without squeezing. Measure the juice and bring to boiling point. To each quart of juice add one-half cup of sugar and reheat. Let boil five minutes. Seal immediately in sterilized jars.

Fruit Juice Cocktail.

ARRANGE 3 or 4 fresh clean mint leaves in a champagne glass. Half fill the glass with crushed or shaved ice and fill with strawberry, blackberry, loganberry, raspberry or pineapple juice. Place glass on small doily covered plate and serve as a first course. Any combination of fruit juices may be used.

Loganberry Juice Fruit Punch.

BOIL 1½ cups sugar with 1 cup water five minutes. Add 1 cup tea infusion, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup pineapple juice or shredded pineapple and 1 quart loganberry juice. Let stand until cold. Pour over a large block of ice in punch bowl, add 1 quart ginger ale and 1 quart charged or plain water. Any seasonable fruit may be added to this punch.

Shrub Punch.

COOK 1 cup water with ½ cup sugar five minutes, cool and add 1 cup raspberry shrub, ½ cup orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice, ½ cup canned pineapple juice and ½ cup orange pekoe tea infusion. Pour over a block of ice in punch bowl, and just before serving add 1 cup of charged water. A little red paste may be added if the punch is not bright enough. Any fruit shrub may be substituted for the raspberry.

Raspberry Shrub

PICK over and wash 3 quarts raspberries. Pour 1 quart mild vinegar over the berries and let stand over night. Drain through a double thickness of cheesecloth. Measure the juice and to each pint allow 2 cups of sugar. Mix well and boil thirty minutes. Pour into jars or bottles when cold.

Ginger Ale Fruit Punch.

MIX 1 cup sugar with ¾ cup hot tea infusion. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Add ¾ cup orange juice, ¼ cup lemon juice and a few thin slices of orange and banana. Pour into punch bowl over a large square of ice, and just before serving add 2 cups good ginger ale and 2 cups charged water.

Blackberry Cordial.

PICK over and wash ripe blackberries. Extract the juice and measure it carefully. Boil 1 quart juice fifteen minutes with 1 pound granulated sugar and 1 tablespoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg. Seal immediately in sterilized jars.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Currants,	Cantaloupe,	Stewed Prunes,	Huckleberries,	Figs, Cereal,	Sliced Peaches,	Pears,
Fried Eggplant,	Rice Muffins,	Potato and	Buttered Toast,	Green Corn	Boiled Rice,	Poached Eggs on
Tomato Sauce,	Coffee.	Egg Omelet,	Jam, Cocoa.	Griddle Cakes,	Toast, Coffee.	Buttered Toast
Rolls, Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Toast, Coffee	*Luncheon*	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Jam,
Luncheon	Stuffed	*Luncheon*	Chicken Salad	*Luncheon*	Green Peppers	Coffee,
Cheese Timbales,	Tomato Salad,	Sliced Cold	Bread and Butter	Deviled Crabs,	Stuffed with	*Dinner*
Muffins,	Whole Wheat	Corned Beef,	Sandwiches,	Sauce Tartare,	Left-over	Cold Veal Loaf,
Pineapple Salad.	Bread,	Tomato Salad	Baked Apples,	Lettuce Salad,	Fish Salad,	Green Pea and
Dinner	Chilled	Iced Tea.	Fruit.	Coffee Sponge,	Coffee Sponge,	Tomato Salad
Stuffed	Indian Pudding.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Tea Cakes.	Tea Cakes.	Whole Wheat
Calves' Hearts,	*Dinner*	Chicken	Cream of	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Bread,
Brown Sauce,	Corned Beef	in Casserole,	Needle Soup	Steamed Fish,	Meat Balls,	Sponge Cake with
Boiled Rice,	with Potatoes	Rice, Wax Beans	Broiled	Egg Sauce,	Riced Potatoes,	Sliced Peaches,
Creamed Squash,	and Carrots,	Jellied	Lamb Kidneys,	Buttered	Creamed	Whipped Cream.
Cabbage Salad,	Corn	Philadelphia	Sauce Robert,	Potatoes,	Cabbage,	*Supper*
Stewed Plums	Lettuce Salad,	Relish,	String Beans,	Tomato	Asparagus Salad,	Pineapple
with Stale	Chilled	Ice Cream,	Watercress Salad	Jelly Salad,	Cherry	Sandwiches
Sponge Cake.	Watermelon.	Wafers.	Caramel	Apple Cake,	Camelion.	Iced Cocoa.
			Rice Pudding.	Lemon Sauce.		

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A SMART FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (2866). The pattern is cut in four sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

A NEW AND PRACTICAL APRON (2961). Cut in four sizes: Small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44 46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material.

A VERY SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST (2946). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 2⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE SKIRT (2953). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material.

A PRACTICAL WORK DRESS (2962). The pattern is cut in seven sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6⅝ yards of 36 inch material.

A COMFORTABLE AND ATTRACTIVE PLAY SUIT (2738). The pattern is cut in three sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. It requires 2⅛ yards of 36 inch material for a 4 year size. The cap requires ⅛ yards of 24 inch material.

A CHIC COSTUME (2953). The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7⅞ yards of 44-inch material.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15c in silver or stamps to

BARGAIN DAY
P. O. BOX NO. 250
CITY HALL STATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTANT—Be sure and write name, address and size.

SUNDAY AMERICAN EXAMINER PATTERNS
BARGAIN DAY
TWO PATTERNS FOR 15c

2866.	Years	2959	Waist
2961	Size	2962..	Bust
2946	Bust	2738.....	Years
	2953	Bust	

Name .....

St and No. .....

City and State .....

Send 10c in silver or stamps to our UP-TO-DATE FALL AND WINTER 1919-1920 CATALOGUE

Beauty Questions Answered

WHAT is the best cure for blackheads?—A. W.

The simplest cure consists of a thorough cleansing with tincture of green soap, a tonic contraction of the skin with a small piece of ice, or the daily use of a few drops of benzoin in the rinsing water, and a total avoidance of the use of powder—at least for a season.

I HAVE great sunken regions about my collar bones. Do you think I could ever fill them out?—V. S.

Look carefully to your diet. Eat only nourishing and strengthening foods. Stop any worrying that you may be inclined to indulge in, and massage those hollows daily with this flesh-building pomade which will soon give you the plump and pretty neck you crave:

Cocoa butter	100 grams
Alcohol (95 per ct.)	20 grams
Essence of rosemary	12 drops
Essence of bergamot	12 drops

DO you approve of the new way of removing facial defects by taking off the outer skin?—A. N.

Most emphatically not. Do you know how this is done? It is accomplished usually by means of a caustic paste which is so deadly that it practically "kills" all of the superficial tissue. I have heard of many serious scars that have been inflicted in this manner and of abscesses and ulcers that are both painful and dangerous. Sometimes it is true, the new surface will look like a baby's skin—at first. But soon the original wrinkles and defects will reappear multiplied.

THE slightest exertion leaves me weary and depressed. This exhausted feeling etches deep lines in my face and keeps me from looking well. Can you advise me?—E. K.

Here is a formula for a bath powder which my own physician ordered for me after I had come ill from a long tour. It is especially helpful in the state of depression that follows extreme weariness. By using two tablespoonfuls of the mixture in the bath water every morning I found the effect wonderfully refreshing and invigorating.

Bromide of potassium	1 grm.
Carbonate of calcium	1 grm.
Carbonate of soda	300 grms.
Sulphate of soda	300 grms.
Sulphate of iron	3 grms.
Oil of lavender	1 grm.
Oil of thyme	1 grm.
Oil of rosemary	1 grm.

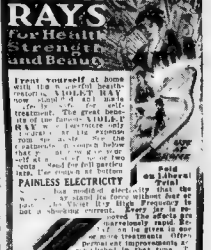
MY hair is dull and lifeless looking. It has no dandruff, but it seems to have little vitality and no natural oil. What should I do for it?—B. N.

Every night give your hair a thorough brushing and combing. Every afternoon you should take a sun bath and after that a gentle massage that shall stimulate every portion of your lethargic scalp. Shampoo the hair every two weeks to insure cleanliness, and within a few months your hair will become wonderfully rich and glossy. All over your head you will soon find coming in a downy fuzz of fine new hair. Here is a tonic which should be applied after the shampoo:

Castor oil	½ ounce
Quinine	15 grains
Alcohol (95 per ct.)	4 ounces
Oil of bergamot	10 drops

La-May Face Powder
Is Harmless to the
Most Delicate Skin

A specialist has at last perfected a pure face powder that positively will not cause enlarged pores, blackheads and irritations. In fact, while it is considered the best face powder it is also a remedy for complexion troubles. It is guarantee, pure and harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies wonderfully. Because it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion from blemishes. This new kind of face powder is made largely of an ingredient that skin specialists use in the treament of the complexion. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, saying this, every one knows we mean the famous La-may Powder (French, Poudre L'Ame). This is the powder that does not contain a particle of rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that makes enlarged pores, blackheads and many powder irritations. Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well it is now used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large box, and many dealers also carry the small trial size. If you want to try La-may. Then you will at last know a perfect face powder. You will be sorry if you take a substitute. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion, you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in America. Save this notice.



VIOLET RAYS for Health Strength and Beauty

Treat yourself at home with the wonderful VIOLET RAY. Now used in the best homes for self treatment. The great benefits gained by the use of famous VIOLET RAY are now within the reach of everyone at a reasonable expense. Send for free booklet. It explains all. Write today. Send for full particulars. Free coupon at bottom.

PAINLESS ELECTRICITY

has modified electricity that the Violet Ray High Frequency is just a shocking current. The Violet Ray is no longer necessary. The effects gained by the use of the Violet Ray are now more wonderful than ever. Improve your good looks—Improve your health.

RENULIFE VIOLET RAY
High Frequency Generator.

Send for book, let-testimonials via Violet Ray.

HOW VIOLET RAY BENEFITS

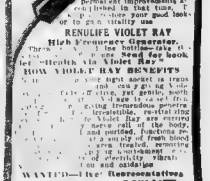
WANTED—Live Representatives

RENULIFE ELECTRIC CO.
1906 Marquette Bldg
Detroit, Mich.

Chicago Office
Room
25 West Madison St.

Get Book Sent Free.

A COUPON FOR BOOK and Special Information



RENULIFE VIOLET RAY
High Frequency Generator.

Send for book, let-testimonials via Violet Ray.

HOW VIOLET RAY BENEFITS

WANTED—Live Representatives

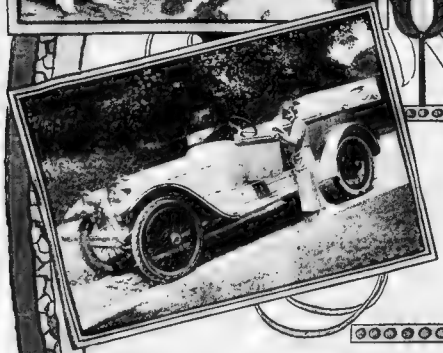
RENULIFE ELECTRIC CO.
1906 Marquette Bldg
Detroit, Mich.

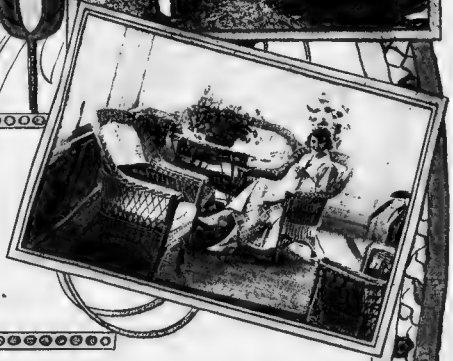
Chicago Office
Room
25 West Madison St.

Get Book Sent Free.

A COUPON FOR BOOK and Special Information

MOGUL
EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES
STAGELAND'S FAVORITE



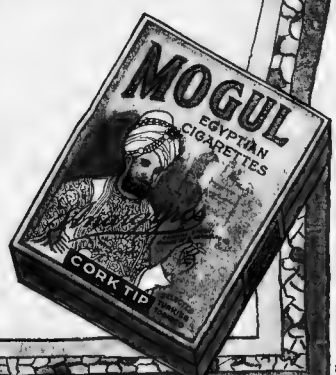


Hazel Dawn
POPULAR STAR

In my theatrical and Screen work I always insist upon Moguls for my cigarette smoking scenes, because they are so mild.

Hazel Dawn.

MOGULS are made of the most delicate Egyptian tobaccos. Exclusively refreshing and of charming flavor. They are deliciously mild, the correct size and Cork Tip.



Amargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

20¢

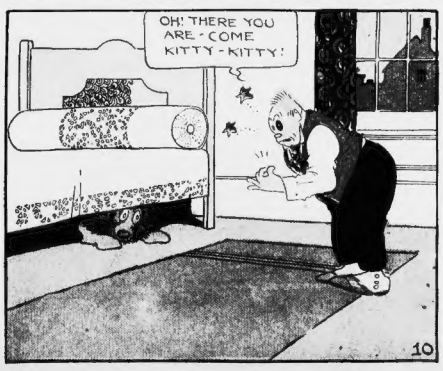
COMIC SECTION
OF THE
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
August 17, 19

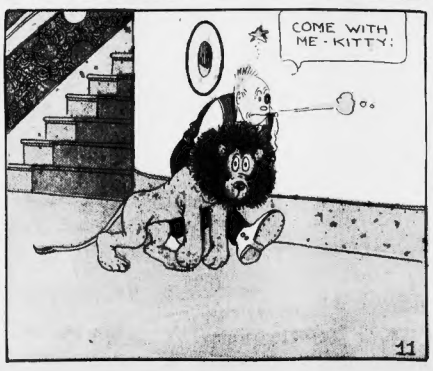
Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved. Registered U. S. Pat. Office.

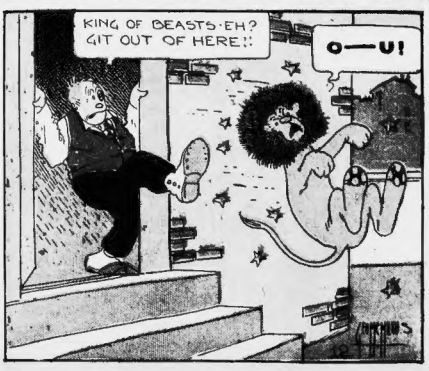
Bringing Up Father

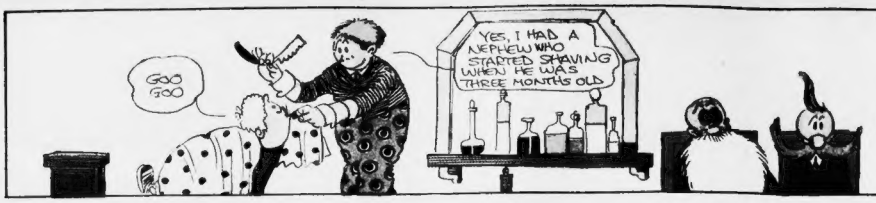
JIGGS· SHAKE HANDS WITH TONY PAZOOTCH· HE'S AN OLD TIME WILD· ANIMAL TRAINER·
TRAIN WILD ANIMALS· EH? I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DO IT·
YOU COME· A WEETH ME TO MY HOUSE
1

NOW· LET HIM OUT IN THIS ROOM AN WE'LL GO IN THE NEXT· IF ME WIFE COMES UP SHE'S GOT TO PASS THROUGH HERE!
GEE! DIDN'T KNOW YOU LIVED SO FAR FROM TOWN
5









COMIC SECTION
OF THE
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
August 17, 1919
Copyright, 1919, by Star Company Great Britain Rights Reserved
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Boob McNutt

BOOB, WHY DID YOU GIVE THE BABY THAT BEAUTIFUL CUT-GLASS PITCHER?
WHEN HE DROPS IT THE NOISE WILL WAKE UP THE DOG WHO'LL PUSH UP THE SHOVEL AND THROW THE BAG OF GUNPOWDER INTO THIS BURNING LAMP—THEN ALL MY TROUBLES WILL BE OVER
GOO GOO
POWDER
1

TAKE CARE OF LITTLE LUCIUS AND GIVE HIM ANYTHING HE WANTS—NEVER LET HIM CRY—I'LL MEET YOU LATER IN THE RESTAURANT
LUCIUS WILL MAKE A FINE BAGGAGE MAN WHEN HE GROWS UP—HE LIKES TO BREAK EVERYTHING
3

BUM BUM
SAY, BUM, I'VE GOT TO BUY YOU FOR THE BABY
I'M FOR SALE FOR A DIME—I'VE GOT A BROTHER—YOU CAN HAVE THE TWO OF US FOR FIFTEEN CENTS
7

I WANT SOME MINCE PIE AND PIGS' KNUCKLES FOR DESSERT
WAITER, THE BABY WANTS EVERYTHING THE TRAMP IS EATING—DUPLICATE THE ORDER
WE HAVE SOME LOVELY FRIED MULES' EARS
YOWSE!
9

COMIC SECTION
OF THE
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
August 17, 1919

Copyright, 1919, by Star Company. Great Britain Rights Reserved.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

Mr. Dubb

'LO, DEAR, I WONT BE HOME TO DINNER. GOT TO MEET SOME BANKERS IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT. WE'RE FORMING A BIG COMPANY;-TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER.
OFFICE OF DOUGH & CO
1

THAT'S ALL FIXED, KALE. NOW WE'LL DINE AT THE CLUB AND GO TO SEE THE MIDNIGHT JAMBOREE AT THE HILARITY THEATRE
I TOLD MY WIFE I HAD TO ATTEND THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
2

TWO HOURS LATER
'LO!-YES, MRS. DOUGH, THIS IS MR. DUBB;-WHAT, YOU WANT TO GET MR. DOUGH ON THE 'PHONE? I THINK I CAN FIND HIM FOR YOU. YEAH, HE'S AT A BANKERS' MEETING IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT. I'LL TRY TO LOCATE HIM AND TELL HIM TO CALL YOU UP.
3

MR DOUGH, YOUR WIFE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU ON THE 'PHONE' I TOLD HER YOU'D GONE TO A BANKERS' MEETING BUT I DON'T THINK SHE BELIEVES IT. YOU'D BETTER STEP OUT TO A BOOTH AND CALL HER UP!
THANKS DUBB, I'M OBLIGED TO YOU
5

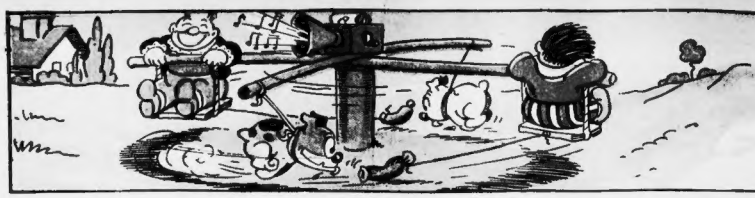
I FOUND MR. DOUGH AT THE MIDNIGHT JAMBOREE GEE' SOME SHOW! ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS! HE WENT OUT AND 'PHONED HIS WIFE THAT HE COULDN'T LEAVE THE BANKERS' MEETING TILL ONE O'CLOCK. HAR, HAR! HE GAVE ME A DAY OFF. I'M GOING FISHING TOMORROW!
OH!
6

DON'T BREATHE A WORD, MRS. JONES, BUT MR. DUBB'S BOSS, MR. DOUGH IS AWFUL GAY. HE WENT TO A THEATRE WHERE THEY HAD FIVE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ON THE STAGE, AND HE TOLD HIS WIFE HE WAS AT A BANKERS' MEETING!
THEY'RE ALL ALIKE, MRS. DUBB. YOU CAN'T TRUST 'EM. MY HUSBAND WENT TO A MINSTREL SHOW ONCE!
7

THAT BAN FIERCE STORY ABOUT MR. DOUGH! HE BAN WENT TO SHOW WHERE THEY BAN GOT TWO THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ON STAGE AND HIS WIFE BAN THOUGHT HE GONE TO BANKERS' MEETING. MRS. DUBB TOLD MRS. JONES AND MRS. JONES TOLD ME!
I BAN SORRY FOR MRS. DOUGH
8

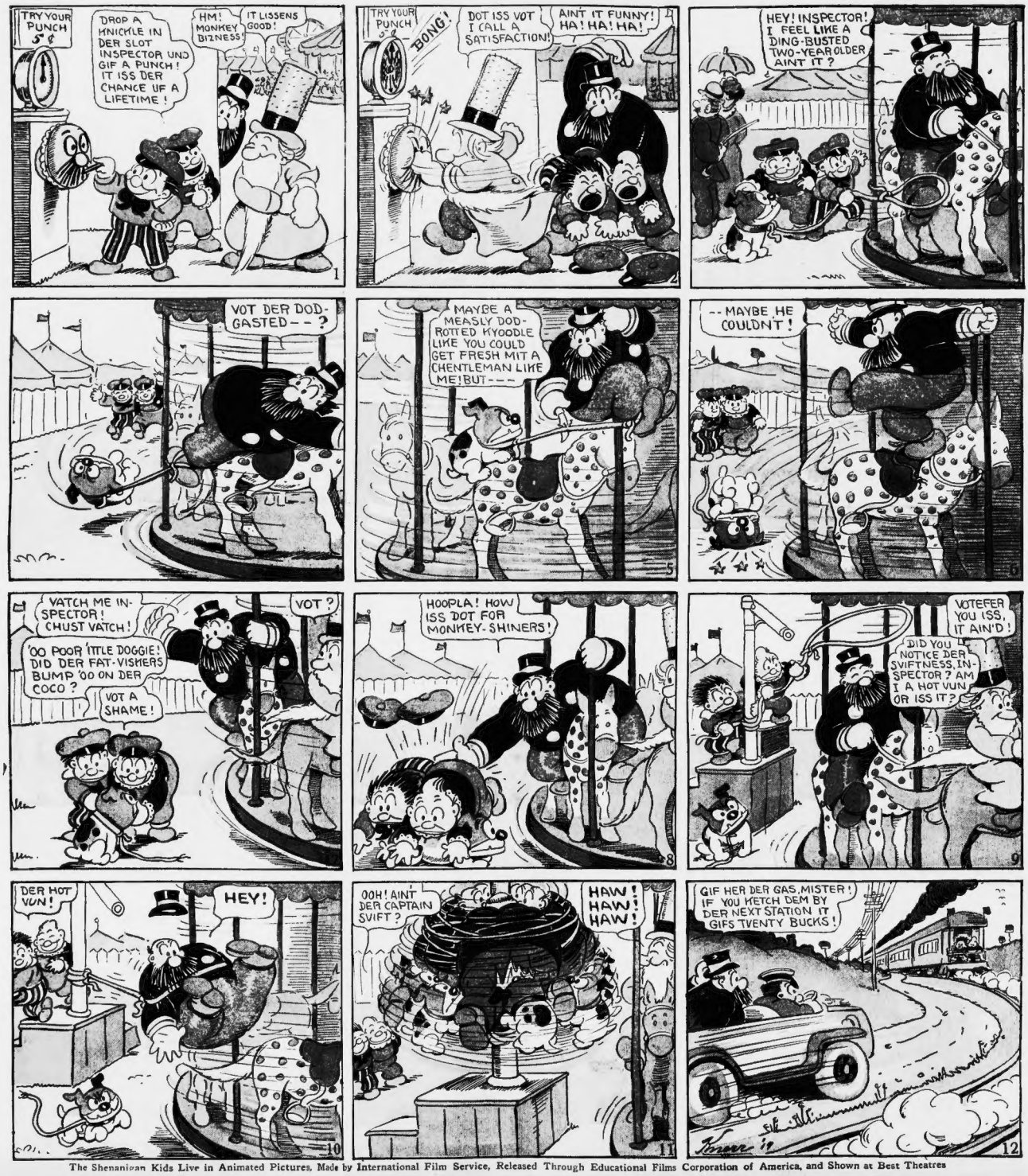
NOT A WORD! I KNOW WHERE YOU WERE WHEN YOU SAID YOU WERE AT A BANKERS MEETING! YOU WENT TO A SHOW WHERE THEY HAD SIX THOUSAND BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ON THE STAGE! MRS. DUBB TOLD ALL THE NEIGHBORS! HER HUSBAND HAS NO SECRETS FROM HIS WIFE!
9

MRS DUBB IS YOUR HUSBAND AT HOME? I WOULD LIKE A FEW MINUTES' CONVERSATION WITH HIM.
NO, MR. DOUGH HE WENT FISHING UP AT MUD LAKE. HE SAID YOU GAVE HIM A DAY OFF.
10



COMIC SECTION
OF THE
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
August 17, 1919
Copyright, 1919, by Star Company Great Britain Rights Reserved.
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

The Shenanigan Kids


TRY YOUR PUNCH 5¢
DROP A KNICKLE IN DER SLOT INSPECTOR UND GIF A PUNCH! IT ISS DER CHANCE UF A LIFETIME!
HM! MONKEY BIZNESS!
IT LISSENS GOOD!
1
TRY YOUR PUNCH 5¢
BONG!
DOT ISS VOT I CALL A SATISFACTION!
AINT IT FUNNY! HA! HA! HA!
2
HEY! INSPECTOR! I FEEL LIKE A DING-BUSTED TWO-YEAR OLDER AINT IT?
VOT DER DOD-GASTED--?
MAYBE A MEASLY DOD-ROTTED KYOODLE LIKE YOU COULD GET FRESH MIT A CHENTLEMAN LIKE ME! BUT---
5
--MAYBE HE COULDN'T!
6
VATCH ME IN-SPECTOR! CHUST VATCH!
VOT?
'OO POOR 'ITTLE DOGGIE! DID DER FAT-VISHERS BUMP 'OO ON DER COCO?
VOT A SHAME!
HOOPLA! HOW ISS DOT FOR MONKEY-SHINERS!
8
VOTEFER YOU ISS, IT AIN'D!
DID YOU NOTICE DER SVIFTNESS, IN-SPECTOR? AM I A HOT VUN OR ISS IT?
9
DER HOT VUN!
HEY!
10
OOH! AINT DER CAPTAIN SVIFT?
HAW! HAW! HAW!
11
GIF HER DER GAS, MISTER! IF YOU KETCH DEM BY DER NEXT STATION IT GIFS TVENTY BUCKS!
12

The Shenanigan Kids Live in Animated Pictures, Made by International Film Service, Released Through Educational Films Corporation of America, and Shown at Best Theatres